

CLEANER

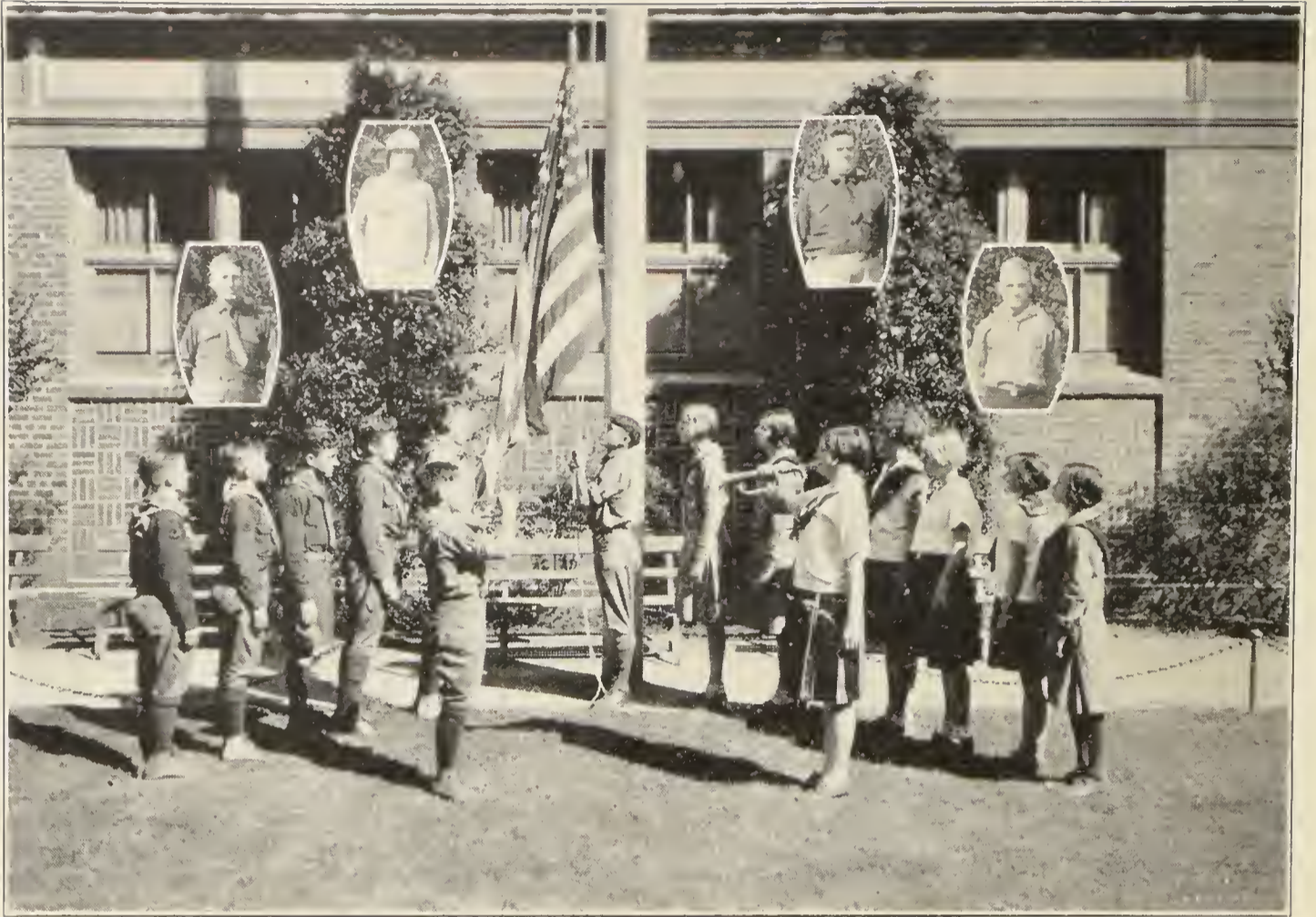


SPRING
CONCERT

Garfield Gleaner



Garfield Junior High School
Berkeley, California
June = 1930



—McCullagh Photo

Dedication

To the Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts of Garfield and to their leaders who are so ably carrying on the work in our School.

A MESSAGE TO GRADUATES—JUNE, 1930

As I sit at my desk to write my semi-annual message, there comes to my mind a line from a song which was popular in the far-off days "when I was your age." I remember that it was a rather sad song, although I have forgotten all except the one line: "The years roll slowly by, Lorena!"



To youth, the years often do "roll slowly by," or so it appears to the impatience and ambition of that period of life. To me, the years of my 'teens were long years, as yours seem now to many of you. But when once the responsibilities of the "twenties" arrived, my years no longer "roll slowly by." And *now!* They gallop, they race, they hurdle by! So they will with you, when you take on the responsibilities of grown-up life.

It seems scarcely possible that a year has flown by since the last June class prepared to leave Garfield. But here you are, more than two hundred strong, about to receive your honors and take your place with the three thousand six hundred eighty-eight Garfield graduates who have preceded you. "So spins the flying world away."

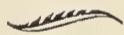
Your graduation theme, repeated, may well serve as Garfield's farewell to you. On the wall of our court is our motto: "Knowledge Opens the Portals of Success." Below it are the splendid words, Labor, Learning, Courage, Integrity, Service, Responsibility, Reverence, Vision.

Carry with you in memory the picture of our beautiful court, and remember the silent lessons given you as you have passed through it daily for three years.

As long as you live, keep your minds open to wholesome knowledge. Let the ideals and fine qualities suggested by our eight chosen words be your inspiration and guide throughout life.

May honor and success be yours. As you leave us, all your Garfield teachers bid you Godspeed.

D. L. HENNESSEY, *Principal.*



MEN WHO TRY

I am not a great believer
In the thing that men call luck.
It takes hard and downright digging
E'er the vein of gold is struck.
Dame Fortune may be fickle,
But none of us can deny
That she loves to lay her treasure
At the feet of men who try.

JANE FLOWER, *Low Eighth.*

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HAMSHIER, ALICE	WHITE, IRMA	

GRADUATION

On Thursday morning, June 5, 1930, two hundred thirty-one boys and girls will graduate from the Garfield school. This is the largest graduating class this year from any East Bay junior high school, and is the largest class ever to leave Garfield.

Eleven members of the class will take part in the program. The "Class Statistics" will be presented by Douglas Knight and Leonard Norton. Roberta Hector will speak on the Garfield motto: "Knowledge Opens the Portals of Success." The eight ideals of Garfield students: Labor, Learning, Courage, Responsibility, Reverence, Integrity, Service, Vision, will be presented by Gregory Stout, Jack Pickett, Glenn Allison, Richard De Lancie, Eleanor Mae Edson, Dorothy Davidson, Katherine Parsons, and Roberta Shaw. The class song, "Song of Farewall from the Caravan," by Kountz, will be sung by the entire class. The presentation of letters will close the program. Members of the class are looking forward with pleasure to the party to be given in the afternoon of graduation day, in the school cafeteria.

EDITORIAL

Soon the halls of Garfield will be silent again, and another High Nine class will have passed on to higher education.

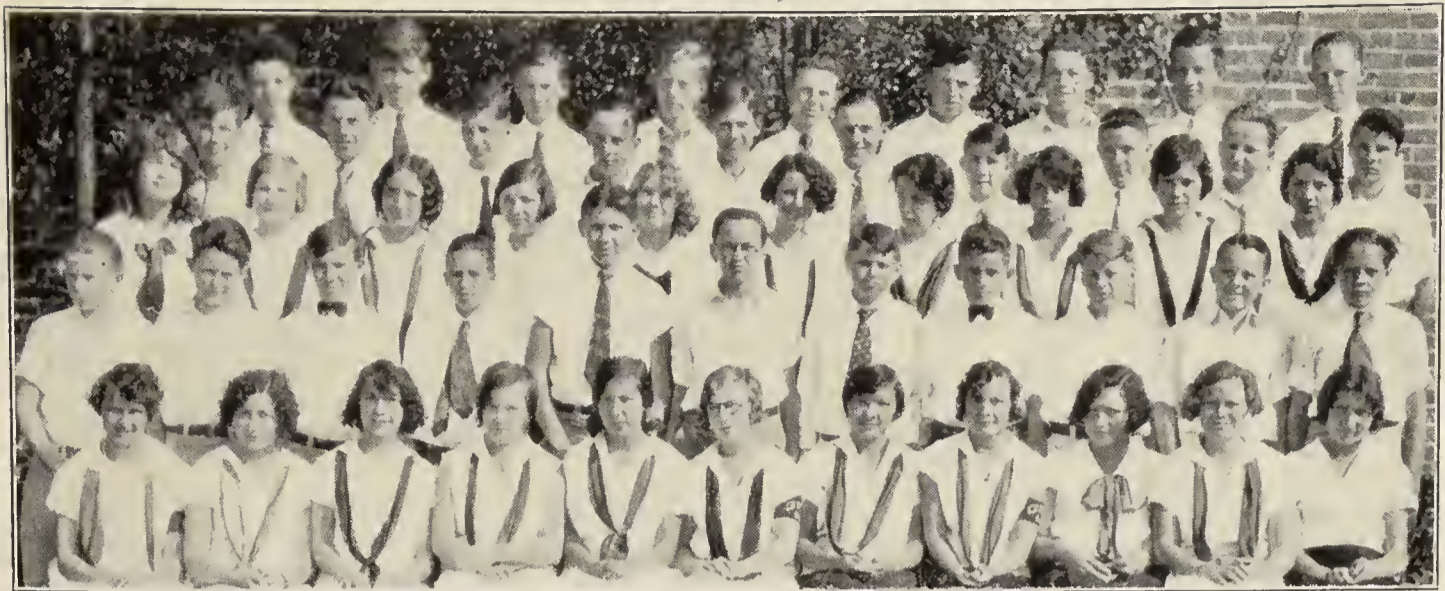
Most of us will be a trifle eager to leave this school and find out for ourselves how it is at high school, but we may soon regret that we ever left the easy lessons and homelike atmosphere of Garfield.

Our lessons now may seem hard, but when we go on in school, we shall find that they were comparatively easy.

Others of us will go to different schools and make new friends, but he who does not remember the splendid teachers and fine school spirit at Garfield is certainly lacking in an essential of his education.

Some of us will most likely go out into the business world before long. We cannot help but remember the fine sportsmanship and the high scholastic standard for which Garfield is so far-famed.

Many High Nine classes have passed on before us and many more will do so, but we hope that we have made a pattern for future High Nine classes.



GLEANER STAFF

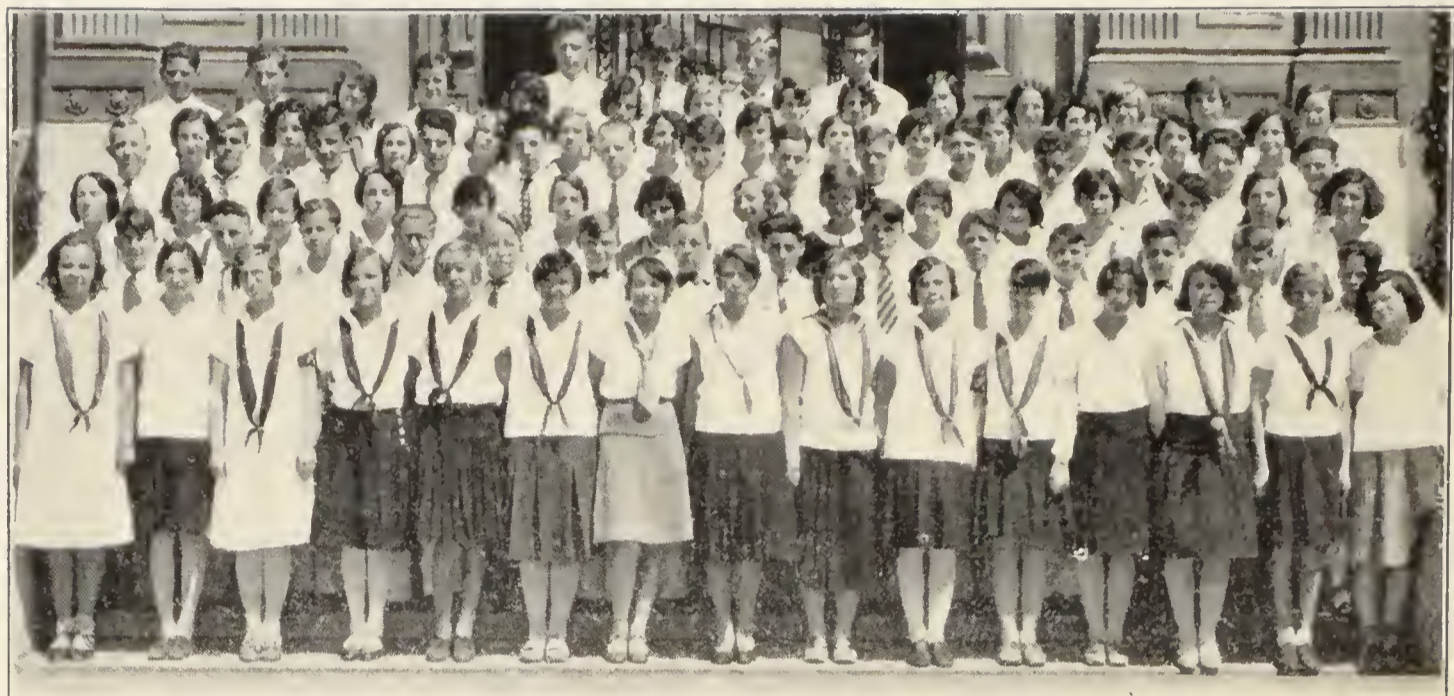
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<i>Reporters</i>	JACK WOODVILLE, MARCIA WOOD



THAT LITTLE BLIND GOD

He is forever finding something to interest him in Garfield. This year has been no exception. Miss Mona Skinner is becoming the bride of Mr. Harold Piatt. Mr. Harold Chastain is wedding a little lady from Sacramento, Miss Vesta Raynsford. Very best wishes from all of us.

HONOR SOCIETY



NINTH GRADE HONOR SOCIETY

Top Row, left to right—James Luthin, Jack Zivnuska, Gregory Stout, Glen Alliger.

Sixth Row—Bob Ogilvie, Leslie Bechaud, Betty Pugh, Helen Wolfenden, Maida West, Muriel Pisane, Mary Thompson, Doris Stafford, Nadia Smith, Pauline Hoyer, Betty Hawks, Irja Liljquist, Agnes Larson, Katherine Parsons.

Fifth Row—Dorothy Cole, Lillian Laurence, Evelyn Gribben, Jane Anderson, Iris Straefer, Jeannette Wells, Dorothy Templeton, Helen Honore, Eleanor Dawson, Elizabeth Loveland, Erna Mae Allen, Olive Provis, Gertrude Bronstein.

Fourth Row—Leonard Norton, Charles Jones, Richard De Lancie, LeRoy Tufts, William Cook, Lynn Hewitt, Philip Bissell, Harold McCarthy, William Holly, Julius Deubner, Steven Rogers, Dana Fish, Albert Mowbray, John Parsons.

Third Row—Margaret Johnson, Eleanor Mae Edson, Shirley Heppler, Marcia Wood, Marjorie Mason, Thora Harper, Laura Mary Fowle, Barbara Eames, Laurie Hawks, Mary Masters, Clara Laumeister, Betty Jane Clark, Imogene Bolstad, Kathryn Krenz, Winifred Mineard.

Second Row—Herwil Bryant, Henry Hefter, Jack Glavinovich, Warren Weston, Bert Morris, Dallas Smullins, Lewis Fairchild, Bill Lambert, Richard Ray, Addison Strong, Henry Reid, Bristol Brodrick, Charles Patterson, Dan Langford.

First Row—Helen Foss, Martha Roletto, Roberta Shaw, Elsa Freitag, Jean Birkland, Dorothy Davidson, Juana Stuart, Elizabeth Bergman, Bernice Lucey, Ila Lee Ainsworth, Roberta Hector, Cala Smallwood, Marjorie Pennington, Vera Carlson, Edith Raftery.

Absent—Douglas Knight, Della Beatty, Donald St. John, William Whipple, Dorothy Locke, Marjorie Mason.

DEDICATED TO THE HONOR SOCIETY

Honor is an esteem due and paid to worth; honor is an excellence of character, a nobleness of mind; honor is any special virtue much esteemed. Thus, I take it that the members of this gathering have achieved things worth while; have borne an excellent character in all their dealings; have kept uppermost in their minds the noble things of life; have shown superior virtues of sympathy, love, kindness, tact, helpfulness—virtues that are ever much esteemed. However, honor is an elusive maiden—hard to catch—and as life goes on with added snares and pitfalls, harder to retain. And while she is kind, she is an inexorable maiden; her path is not always rosy and leading through easy climbs. Her way is rugged and steep—sometimes thorny. Honor envieth not herself,

vaunteth not herself; is not puffed up; doth not behave herself unseemly. Honor seeketh not her own, but rejoiceth herself in truth and humility. Honor beareth all things, hopeth all things, loveth all things, and serveth all things. Honor putteth herself last and forgetteth herself first.

If you will, your honors may mount so high that they will reach the blue vaults of heaven; their foundations may reach to the greatest depths of the sea; their weight may be as all the metals of the earth put together; their ages may combine those of the wise ones before and since the days of Solomon; their importance may vie with those of Washington, Lincoln, Edison, Burbank, and Lindbergh; thy honors may be as broad as the wind swept seas and plains; they may be as gold as the glittering sun, as pure and sweet as the morning dews providing you obey all laws, serve mankind, love all things, respect those above you, "seek the good and true, the best do."

H-O-N-O-R

H is for Hope that fills your every breast;
O is for Obedience to aid you in that quest.
N is the Name you wish to carry high;
O is Open-mindedness—you gain it if you try.
R is Respect which goes with you every day.
Hope, Obeisance, Respect, accompanies you all the way.

VICTORINE HARTLEY, *Supervisor of Music.*



Recently it was my privilege to attend the banquet of the Garfield Honor Society. The evening left a most favorable impression with me. In the first place a considerable number of capable students now in the junior high school participated in the speech making of the evening and in other features of organization and entertainment which made the evening a success. In the second place, students of former years were present to speak of their joy in remembering past events of the school and to give some comment about the meaning of school and life work beyond the junior high school. In the third place, students of the school, faculty members, members of school administrative staff, and patrons all mingled in a common social program, gaining an understanding of modern educational problems which can be obtained in no other way except by common contact.

Such an event shows more clearly than can be done in the regular school day, the modern conception of education—that school is a part of everyday living. Pupils who participate in such a program get the finest development for the finest type of citizenship. I commend the Garfield Honor Society and the Garfield School for this demonstration of school life.

VIRGIL E. DICKSON,

Assistant Superintendent of Schools.

NINTH GRADE HONOR SOCIETY BANQUET

The Ninth Grade Honor Society held its annual banquet Tuesday evening, March 18. After a brief address of welcome, Glen Alliger called upon Mr. Hennessey to act as toastmaster, who then introduced the principal guests of the evening. These included Mayor and Mrs. Driver, Mrs. Hector, and Dr. Howe, members of the Board of Education, and Miss Hartley, Miss Prentiss, and Mrs. Ward, Supervisors in the Berkeley School Department.

Among the speakers at the banquet were several former Garfield pupils. These were: Nancy Johnston, Frank Wilson, and Kenneth May, past presidents of the Honor Society, and Betty Stripp, Elden Busby, and Jack Campbell, past student body presidents. Two Garfield alumni, now students at the University, also spoke briefly, and Willard Sea sang two songs. Three Garfield girls, Helene Honore, Helen Foss, and Elizabeth Loveland, added to the evening's pleasure by their delightful singing.

After the speeches, Mr. Chastain led the members and guests in singing Irish songs, and Bill Ogilvie led in the school yells.

When the banquet was over, all danced for about an hour to music rendered by former Garfield students.



MISS RILEY'S ADVISORY

Self-trust is the first secret of success.—EMERSON

AMBITION		AMBITION	
Erna Mae Allen	Miss Kidwell II	Melvin Koch -	Saxophone Player
Glen Alliger	Statesman	Tatsuo Kushido	Dentist
Elaine Band	Chorus Girl	Donald McAdams	A Minister
Philip Bissell	Answer to a Maiden's Prayer	Harold McCarthy	??
Alameda Blessing	Algebra Teacher	Violet Naphan	Match-Maker
Claresta Bower	A Flapper	Andy Neilson	Modern Romeo
Bill Cook	Cowboy	Emil Pahl	A Business Man
Gerald Curran	Baseball Star	Jack Pickett	??
Nelson Dean	A Hobo	Olive Provis	Chiropractor
Suzanne Dechant	Typing Teacher	Betty Pugh	Aviatrix
Richard De Lancie	New York Symphony Leader	John Raeburn	Truant Officer
Helena Dennett	Cowgirl	Henry Reid	Ad for Palmolive Soap
Eleanor Mae Edson	Follies Girl	Clinton Rygel	Druggist
Lewis Fairchild	Politician	Gail Schroeder	Olympic Runner
Dana Fish	Cartoonist	Neil Shaver	Student (?)
Billy Fuhrer	President of the United States	Dallas Smullin	Funeral Director
Paul Gray	A Barker	Juana Stewart	An Old Maid
Harvey Gregory	Drugstore Cowboy	Fred Udall	Taxi Driver
Roy Gustavson	Football Hero	Jack Vekander	Midget in Circus
Henry Hefter	Circus Skeleton	Frances West	Somebody's Darling
Selma Johnston	Globe-Trotter	Allen Williams	Dietician



MRS. GRAY'S ADVISORY

Ad astra per aspera

AMBITION

Ila Lee Ainsworth	Dancing Teacher
Charles Atthowe	Hollywood Movie Star
Georgea Bacon	Parachute Jumper
Robert Bartlett	Latin Professor
Bristol Broderick	Sailor
Herwil Bryant	Fish and Game Commissioner
Dorothy Cole	Waitress
John Danforth	??
Julius Deubner	Director of the Follies
Edmond Dooley	Big Butter and Egg Man
Norma Dunbar	Saxophone Specialist
Barbara Fowle	Food Tester
Warren Garrison	Circus Fat Man
Roberta Hector	President of Old Maids' Sewing Bee
Kenneth Kelsey	??
Jean Hemingway	Dish Washer
Douglas Knight	Undertaker
Omer Kruschke	Cigar Tester
Robert Levy	Truant Officer
Elizabeth Loveland	Bridge Shark
Lauren Lucas	Broker on Wall Street

AMBITION

Stephen McSwain	Radio Announcer
Helen Mead	Opera Star
Stanley Miller	Tax Collector
Webster Mouser	??
Albert Mowbray	First-Class Tramp
Jay Munns	Junkman
John Parsons	Minister
Jean Porter	Perfect Housewife
Robert Rawlins	??
Edward Sherburne	Football Star
Jean Selvage	Traveling Saleswoman
Nadia Smith	Follies Dancer
Sydney Smith	Prohibition Agent
Edward Solinsky	Bookseller in Paris
Doris Stafford	Cowgirl
Gregory Stout	Tennis Champion
Edward Schuessler	Ping Pong Champion
Paul Swedberg	Crossword Puzzle Editor
Marcia Wood	Missionary
Jewell Woods	Janitor



MISS KIDWELL'S ADVISORY

He is most powerful who has himself in his power.—SENECA

AMBITION	
Don Auguston	To learn enough to graduate
George Briscoe	To rival Babe Ruth
Gertrude Bronstein	To get Miss Cannon's position
Bill Burr	Taster for Wrigley's Gum Co.
James Cutter	Stage Manager
Alice Dalrymple	To be a Society Girl
Helen Davidson	Actress
Harold Gade	A Second Tom Mix
Leonard Griffiths	Miss Arendt's Chauffeur
Erich Haenisch	Hole Counter for Swiss Cheese Co.
James Hayes	None Whatever
Leroy Hitchcock	Horse Doctor
Bill Holly	Yell Leader for Deaf and Dumb Asylum
Margaret Johnson	Algebra Teacher
Charley Jones	Judge
Virginia Larrabee	Old Maid
Ralph Lewis	To Pose for Arrow Collar Ads
Irja Liljequist	To Lead a Ladies' Orchestra
Marjorie Mason	To Be a Bride

AMBITION	
Tom McClelland	To Get Algebra on Time
Bert Morris	Salesman
Ann Morrow	A Second Mrs. Lindbergh
Ellen Nettleman	Style Expert
Marjorie Pennington	Dancer
Katherine Pritz	Concert Player
Tom Ryder	Pilot
Carl Sandner	To Get Enough to Eat
Martha Schaefer	Dancer
Paul Sears	Comedian
Roberta Shaw	Buyer
Fred States	Grease Monkey (Airplane Mechanic)
Lansing Stewart	Aviator
James Welch	Spelling Expert, A B C Soup Co.
Maida West	Chemical Engineer
Leslie Wiggington	Doughnut Puncher
Betty Zamlock	Movie Star
Robert Rawlins	Rich Man About Town
Josephine Solenberg	Physical Education Teacher



MISS GROEFSEMA'S ADVISORY

"Climb though the rocks be rugged."

	AMBITION
Austacio Baruacia	Tragedian
Justin Bailey	President of I. A.
Della Beaty	Musician
Elizabeth Bergman	Movie Actress
Bill Burnett	Butter and Egg Man
Burnett Canham	Coal Heaver
Fred Cleveland	Conductor
Harold Devlin	Sheriff
Bob Evju	Violin Instructor
Barbara Eames	Louise Fazenda II
Harry Edwards	Ditch Digger
Harden Gatewood	Professor
Kenneth Glazier	Drummer
Evelyn Gribben	Souvenir Collector
Shirley Heppler	Secretary
Walter Hayden	Real Estate Agent
Alice Kelly	Missionary
Frances Kelly	Modiste

	AMBITION
Agnes Larsen	Antiquarian
Bernice Lucey	Scottish Dancer
Roberta Marr	Candy Tester
Horace Macaughey	Taxidermist
Robert Miler	Romeo II
Irving Minster	World's Loud Speaker
Clinton Monroe	Bareback Rider
William Moore	Butler
Katherine Parsons	Nurse
Norman Robinson	Lon Chaney II
Francis Scott	Sitting Bull II
Grace Smith	Seamstress
Donald St. John	Deep Sea Diver
Roy St. John	Dentist
Donald Wharton	Algebra Expert
Bill Whipple	Dancing Teacher
Esther White	Playground Director



MRS. DYSON'S ADVISORY

"Do or die Dyson's"

	AMBITION
Leslie Bechaud	Taxi Driver
Bill Burton	English Professor
Robert Danskin	Hockey Player
Robert Darnaby	Lindbergh II
Kermit Geary	Kingfish II
Jerold Harvey	Horse Doctor
Lynn Hewitt	Millionaire
Harry Johnson	Soda Jerker
John Johnson	Cradle Snatcher
Herbert Juell	Comedian
Ralph Lamon	Golf Ball Magnate
Ralph Leschinsky	Mattress Sampler
Clarence Levi	Street Cleaner
Theodore Levey	Traveling Salesman
Romney Masters	French Teacher
Jack Meager	Professor of Science
Robert Mohr	King of England
Leonard Norton	Engineer
Roger String	Caretaker of Dogs
LeRoy Tufts	Bachelor

	AMBITION
Jack McFarland	President of the United States
Sidney Williams	Big Business Man
Jack Woodville	Married Man
Clyde Miller	Poundmaster
James Lean	Babe Ruth II
Eric Katz	Overgrown Midget
Stephen Rogers	Dutton Advertiser
Helen Andrews	Society Woman
Susanne Bowie	Sunday School Teacher
Ruth Gene Campbell	Horseback Rider
Lovetta Claiborne	Soda Jerker
Dorothy Davidson	Cabaret Entertainer
Hilda Hahn	Dietician
Margaret Hamilton	Housewife
Kathryn Krenz	Discus Thrower
Ada Mary Menefee	Sherlock Holmes II
Charlotte Hawley	Stage Dancer
Josephine Solenberg	Algebra Teacher
Lorraine Rothe	Movie Fan
Dorothy Jayne Sublett	Fingerprint Specialist



MRS. BRENNAN'S ADVISORY

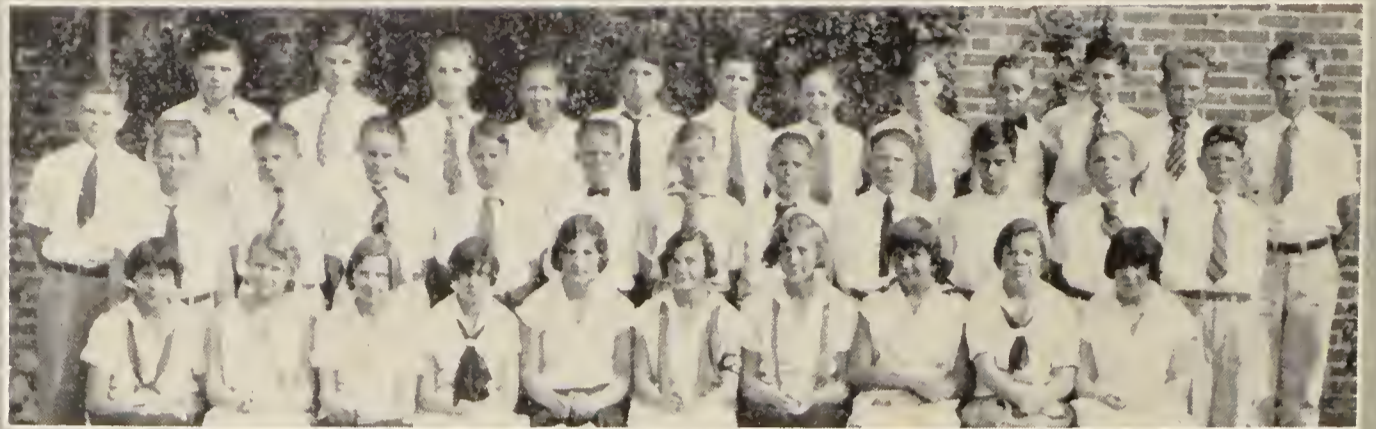
"Striving for the top."

	AMBITION
Mildred Becker	A Musician
Frances Beckley	A Dress Designer in Hollywood
Evelyn Bergman	A Designer and Buyer
Josephine Bertolero	A Private Secretary
Gladys Bingham	A Musician
Imogene Bolstad	A Singer
Ruth Bradley	Kindergarten Teacher
Vera Carlson	A Dress Designer in Hollywood
Harriett Covert	Stenographer
Ellen de Selms	Housewife
Elsie Freitag	Secretary
Nora Jane Gunn	Antique Collector
Thora Harper	Secretary
Fannie Hart	Art Teacher
Marian Harter	Nurse
Florence Higgs	Dancer
Ellen Hosford	Stenographer
Pauline Hoyer	Art Teacher
Margery Hutchinson	A Musician

	AMBITION
Evelyn Knapp	English Teacher
Lois Koch	Nurse
Marie Laurent	Art Teacher
Joyce Llewellyn	Private Secretary
Dorothy Locke	Art Teacher
Jean Middleton	Stenographer
Muriel Pisani	Private Secretary
Frances Quillinan	Nurse
Martha Roletto	Secretary
Patty Rose	Art Teacher
Katherine Stevens	Music
Mary Louise Stevens	Music
Mary Thompson	Lawyer
Jane Thornton	Private Secretary
Thelma Ward	Artist
Blanche Wilson	Secretary
Frances Wood	Costume Designer
June Woods	Doesn't Know



STUDENT OFFICERS



CABINET REPRESENTATIVES



STUDENT LEADERS

STUDENT OFFICERS

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<i>Vice-President</i>	RICHARD RAY	<i>Girls' Athletic Manager</i>	BETTY PUGH
<i>Secretary</i>	ROBERTA HACTOR	<i>Social Secretary</i>	JEAN PORTER
<i>Treasurer</i>	RICHARD DE LANCIE		
			DOUGLAS KNIGHT

CABINET REPRESENTATIVES

First Row, left to right—Herbert Carlson, William Whipple, Roland Bower, William Boone, Edward Strohecker, Morris Hopson, David Mecorney, Ralph Lewis, Lewis Fairchild, Thomas Yale, Harvey Lyman, Leslie Bechaud.

Second Row—Bill Starr, Willis Schellenberg, Otto Koford, Charles Patterson, Jack Anderson, Jack Barnett, William Winton, Leland Frey, Frank Clymer, Robert Tully, Carl Wilson.

Third Row—Marion Hastings, Jane Anderson, Christine Mathews, Dorothy Knight, Lois Hoch, Ila Lee Ainsworth, Phyllis Crosby, Betty Read, Lowinda Puckett, Peggy Holt.

STUDENT LEADERS

Top Row, left to right—Stephen McSwain, Jack Pickett, Omer Kruschke, Charles Atthowe, Gregory Stout, Jay Munns, Norman Robinson, Lauren Lucas, Leroy Hitchcock, William Whipple, Lenard Norton, Glenn Alliger.

Middle Row—Henry Hefter, Fred States, Irving Minster, Richard De Lancie, Jean Porter, Barbara Fowle, Charles Jones, Douglas Knight, Richard Ray, Addison Strong.

Bottom Row—Maida West, Betty Pugh, Barbara Eames, Thora Harper, Imogene Bolstad, Olive Provis, Roberta Shaw, Ila Lee Ainsworth, Roberta Hector.

JUDGES

CHARLES JONES, JAY MUNNS, JACK PICKETT



A PERSIAN RUG

"What right has my profane young foot to tread upon the work of ancient men?" These ancient men who labored on my rug: did they ever dream that this rug would be among so many other rugs of its own nationality on a hardwood floor in a far away Californian home? If only my rug could talk! How I would love to hear it tell about itself! Some young lovers, perhaps, worked on this rug together. Perhaps a broken-hearted old man with nothing else to divert his thoughts, perhaps a whole happy family wove this rug.

My rug starts with the morning sun, a beautiful shade of yellow-green. Its borders blend into brilliant shades of orange, to red, and to a deep wine color. Its center is of a fantastic design. Into it are woven all of the paths of life. There are dark passages, roads of sorrow, between brilliant almost fierce spots of color. To my eye, they look like a battle. They fight, they clash, the battle grows fiercer, more horrible as the night wears on. The color grows deeper. It is sorrowful, almost pathetic. Here are sorrow, death, strife and again my colors change. This time to a deep red. I see, I hear the Moslem chant of long robed priests. The weavers stop. All is quiet. Gradually my color changes and becomes a starry night.

"No, No! I would not for Allah's sake
Disturb my rug. A Hindu ghost lies there
I'd rather leap a space to reach the stair."

MARCIA WOOD, *High Ninth.*

A THOUGHT TO THE DADS OF GARFIELD

Some time ago, Mr. Hennessey, the principal of our Garfield School, had some tennis courts built. Many Garfield students and outsiders have spent happy hours in those courts. We, the pupils of Garfield, the teachers and others, have given programs in order to pay off the tennis court fund.

On the nights of April fourth and fifth, Garfield had one of the most interesting programs this term. The Dads of Garfield gave an extremely jolly minstrel show to help pay the debt. This was called "Plantation Frolics." The setting was that of a plantation. There were many solos by the dads. Five boys from Berkeley High School had a quintette. They sang two selections, "Marianne" and "Ride on Vaquero." Miss Jean Langley toe-danced and many others entertained.

These are some of the many fathers who made this minstrel show a success and to whom the Garfield School owes much: D. L. Hennessey, R. J. Garrett, C. K. Bush, D. S. Moore, C. Parrish, H. C. Corley.

JESSIE NIELSON, *Low Eighth.*

WOLFBORO

Wolfboro, the beautiful Scout camp on the north fork of the Stanislaus river, was founded by the Berkeley Council in 1928. It is situated on Sandy Flat, at an elevation of 5500 feet; a wonderful change in altitude for any scout in Berkeley. Big Meadows is the nearest town, being about two miles from Wolfboro.

The camp was greatly improved in 1929. In 1928 we were obliged to eat under the trees where the food was not kept as clean as possible. In 1929 we had the advantage of a large log cabin equipped with running water. Also, a power pump was installed on the well and a shower was constructed near the kitchen. All these were added in 1929.

Last year there were a few days set aside for real scouting. One of these days was called Natives' Day where the Indians and Settlers dressed as they pleased. The entire day was spent in contests between these two groups. Another day was set aside for a treasure hunt. Most of the time the Indians and Settlers were competing in some way to see which could outwit the other.

There was a lot of time spent on advancement last year. At the end of every session or two weeks, there was a Court of Honor where all boys could raise their rank if they had completed the required tests.

One of the most enjoyed offices last year was hike master. In behalf of the boys, I can say that not one hike was a failure. We went on short hikes, long day hikes, and over-night hikes. On these hikes we got a better idea of the country surrounding the camp.

This year there will be a few changes and additions to the camp, thus making it better than before. The Indian territory has been moved to a virgin forest and a little further away from headquarters. Some of the things set aside for this year are: hiking, woodcraft, handicraft, nature study, swimming, life saving, pioneering, barnyard golf, scout games, test work, and real mountaineering for those who are qualified.

BUD RAY.

THE WHALE

At Shattuck and Stuart Street there was for a few days an embalmed whale with its baby. They were caught off Long Beach fourteen weeks ago. It was a sei whale, a variety which is about half the size of the largest whale. This whale was fifty-eight feet long and weighed three tons.

The whale gets its food by opening its mouth and taking in about a thousand pounds of sardines. Then it closes its mouth, works its tongue up and down, forcing the water out through the whalebone, leaving the fish in its mouth. Then the fish go into a food pouch under the lower jaw which sends the food into the stomach in small quantities.

Because of their great size, whales are hard to preserve and move and there are not many to be seen.

DONALD WHITE, *Low Eighth*

A TERRIFYING MOMENT

Katy stood hesitatingly at the top of the steep hill. Buckled upon her feet were the skates which had been given to her the day before as a birthday present. Katy had only learned to skate since then, and though she did want to have the thrill of skating down that long hill, she said to Helen, the girl behind her, that she didn't think she ought to attempt it.

"Oh, go on, scare-baby," sneered Helen. "I dare you to."

Katy gave her one look, and started out, pumping with all her might. Helen stood where she was left, watching her jealously, and wishing that she had as much courage.

"I know what I'll do," she said to herself spitefully, "I'll bump into Katy and knock her down." Helen did not think that she would probably get hurt too, so away she started.

Katy began very nicely, but when she got half way she discovered that her feet kept running away from her. Upon glancing back, she saw Helen's sneering face not a yard from her. Desperately, she tried to slow up, but her foot turned under her, and her head hit the sidewalk with a thud.

"Well," said Katy, as she climbed back into bed, "I'm certainly glad that was a dream, but it taught me a lesson, and I'll never do anything dangerous just because somebody dares me to."

LENORE HENNESSEY, *High Seventh*.

SUSPENSE

I awoke with a start and stared with wide open eyes into the dark sky above. It was my first night in the open in snake country, and some horrible, unknown creature was s'owly crawling down the blankets in my bed. Into my mind rushed the tale that I had heard of a rattlesnake that had crawled into a cowpuncher's bed on a cold night, coiled on his stomach, and gone to sleep, while the poor puncher hadn't been able to move a muscle for fear of the snake striking. With this pleasant thought in mind, I held my breath and tensed my body, as that thing kept nudging itself into my bed. I didn't dare make a move, and I doubt whether I could have made one even if I had wanted to. The thing finally reached my stomach and then, sure enough, it coiled up. I clenched my teeth and shoved my hand slowly, very slowly down and touched it. It gave a start, coiled tighter, and then something cold touched my hand again, again, and again. But it was not the quick, deadly strike of a rattlesnake. No! Far from it! It was just the familiar, caressing tongue of my young pup.

MARJORIE SHEETS, *Low Ninth*.

DUTY

The wind raged and the waves beat against the wooden sides of the good old cruiser, Commodore Franklin. In the dense fog the ship had struck a rock and was slowly sinking. S O S calls had been sent to the Coast Guard but no reply was received. The captain's order of "women and children first" was gladly obeyed by the men, but some of the women were still below deck trying to save their most valuable belongings.

The crew were lowering the life-boats. Just when the two small boats on the star-board side were about halfway down, the ship suddenly lurched to port, and the boats crashed against the ship! Boards flew in every direction, leaving these two life-boats useless.

All the people were clamoring to get in the remaining boats. The captain had given up hope of gaining control of all his crew again, although some of them were crowded around him waiting for the order to abandon the ship. As a crew always does, they wanted him to go first, but he said, "You must get back to shore, but I don't need to. I have done my duty." With that he gave the order to leave the ship and climbed the ladder to the bridge.

Just as the highest mast of the Commodore Franklin disappeared under the water, the Coast Guard boat came in sight. It was too late, for the captain went down with the ship.

DOROTHY TEMPLETON, *Low Ninth*.

THE WRATH OF JOVE

In a house on the plains of South Dakota, coal was needed by my mother and her parents. Grandfather, seeing that it was of dire necessity, set out with team and sled to a nearby town to get some.

On the way, he saw in the distance, a blizzard coming. Immediately he turned toward home. In spite of his efforts to hurry, Jupiter caught him in his bag of storms. The first thing that Grandfather thought of was the safety of his horses and not losing his direction. Seeing a barb wire fence, that led to the house, he grabbed it and used it as a guide through the blinding storm. The horses, which he had unhitched, were striving to go in the wrong direction. The strength of the wind seemed to gather everything along in its folds. The snow and ice were so thick that he could barely see his hand when he held it up in front of his face. He crept along step by step in the deepening snow. He had to stop every now and then to break the ice, that had formed on the nostrils of the horses, so they could breathe.

In the meanwhile, grandmother was getting more anxious every minute. She knew that grandfather would surely perish if he did not return soon. Going out on the porch she called to grandfather, but received no response. At last she fired off a gun a number of times, hoping that he might hear her, and come in that direction. The wind seemed to screech in laughter against the uselessness of the gun. Jove seemed to swallow the noise of the gun as soon as it was fired, and grandfather never heard it.

At the end of the fence that grandfather was following, there were many rows of sunflowers. Coming up to this corner he felt for the familiar sunflowers. The driveway between the sunflowers and the house was just wide enough for a wagon to pass through. Grandfather, following this lane, didn't even see the house in the whirling snow. He happened to put out his hand and touched the corner of the house, or he would have missed it without even knowing he was near it.

As the horses had to be put in the barn, grandmother tied a rope to grandfather, and she held on to the other end. After the horses had been put in the barn, he took hold of the rope and pulled himself back to the house. Grandfather had a beard and when he came into the house, icicles were hanging down to his knee.

The next morning, many people were found frozen to death. When the neighbors saw the top of my grandfather's sled they came to the house thinking that he was dead. This storm is known as the worst blizzard that ever came to South Dakota.

IMOGENE BOLSTAD, *High Ninth*.

REPRIEVE

The prisoner was marched from the death-cell into the little room adjoining the prison tailor shops, by grim-mouthed guards. There he was clothed in a black suit of a light material. He remained silent and sullen during the whole procedure. The prison priest implored him, but he remained still-mouthed to the end. His farewell letters were written, one to his aged mother, and one to his suffering wife. He believed that he had done his duty by all and that he was prepared for death.

In his death-cell, the week before, he had confided his innocence to the prison priest. Why should he deliberately murder an old man who had done him no harm? He, who would not harm a bird. Justice, indeed, was blind. It was purely a case of circumstantial evidence, but it meant death on the gallows, in the fashion of hard criminals.

The wife, and scores of the condemned man's friends, relatives, and business acquaintances had appealed for a reprieve. Nothing had developed from this appeal to the Governor, but the wife still held hopes. She even held hopes when the prisoner was led out into the open yard to the gallows. There a dark hood was placed over his head. He mounted the gallows steadily, feeling his way up the thirteen steps by instinct. When he reached the top the rope was placed around his neck and his hands were tied behind his back. Then, while he murmured a suppliant prayer, the trap was sprung.

Thirty seconds later a messenger came running into the courtyard shouting, "Reprieve! Reprieve!"

Too late. It was just another tragedy in life.

JANE ANDERSON, *Low Ninth*.

"WATER! WATER!"

In the dusk of a late summer evening could be seen a man sitting on the rail of a Great Lakes steamer, smoking a corncob pipe. The man, Mr. Jenks, was tall and lean.

He was a veteran ocean traveler, having crossed the Atlantic many times, but never before had he been on one of the great fresh water lakes of North America.

Mr. Jenks was tired. His pipe dropped from his mouth unnoticed. He was sleeping on the rail of a lake liner!

The ship gave a sudden lurch. He had a rude awakening somewhere in the middle of Lake Erie. He came up sputtering and calling for help, but in vain.

All that night he kept up a tiresome routine of swimming, treading water, and floating.

Early the next morning the sun arose, casting its rosy tints across the water, lighting up the horizon, and showing him the whereabouts of a large tree trunk with some of the branches showing above the water.

Mr. Jenks swam over to the tree, pulled himself up, on to, and off the other side of the tree. He tried again with better success.

He found the most comfortable place on the tree and sat down.

All day the sun beat down on him, and he grew hungry and thirsty. By evening, his throat and mouth were parched.

The night brought little relief, as he was very restless.

All the next day the sun poured on him. His tongue became swollen and cracked.

Next morning the sun, rising, showed him a ship.

He stood up, waved his shirt, tried to yell but failed.

The crew of the ship evidently saw him for they lowered a boat. Swiftly the boat came towards the tree.

The boat was swung broadside to the tree, and willing hands lifted Mr. Jenks into the boat.

"Water! Water!" he croaked.

An amazed sailor dipped a bucket into the lake and brought it up brimming full of good, clear, fresh water!

JACK ZIVNUSKA, *Low Ninth.*

THE ORIGIN OF THE BRIDGE OF THE GODS

On either side of a valley in Rainier National Park lived two tribes of giants. They were always at war with each other, but things had been going on peaceably for several years and nothing had happened.

The tribe's chief, on the west side of the valley, had a very handsome son, while the chief of the tribe on the east side had a very beautiful daughter. The handsome youth's name was Deerfoot, and the beautiful girl's name was Smiling Waters. These two had been in love for many years, but since their tribes were enemies they could not marry.

When they would meet secretly, Deerfoot would be very impatient, and would ask Smiling Waters why she would not marry him then. Smiling Waters would look at him out of her dark eyes and smile and say, "Be patient, Deerfoot, we must wait, and when our tribes are at peace all the time, we shall wed with great festivity."

But one dark night when both tribes were sleeping peacefully, Deerfoot got out of bed and walked out into the clean, fresh air. He could not stand it any longer; he told himself he would go and carry Smiling Waters away, and they would be married and live happily. So he stole across the valley silently and carried the sleeping girl away.

Smiling Water's mother thought she had heard a noise and when she went to her daughter's bed, not finding her there, she roused the tribe quickly. They guessed immediately who had carried her away, and they called across the valley and asked the other tribe if they had her.

Deerfoot, elated at his success, was hurrying across the valley. One of the enemy tribe saw him and they began firing large stones at him. At that, the other tribe started. A rock struck Deerfoot and Smiling Waters and they were killed. The rocks fell until they made a bridge across the valley, thus sealing the fate of two lovers and making the "Bridge of the Gods."

NANCY RICE, *High Eighth.*

BOWER'S CAVE

Bower's Cave is a cave located in Tuolumne County. This cave was discovered by a man who was exploring a deep place and suddenly fell into the hole, or cave. He broke his leg when he fell and when he recovered from the shock and injuries he climbed out from the cave by means of a gigantic oak tree that reached to the top of the cave.

This cave is very deep and wide. At one side there is a small underground lake, about sixty feet deep, and the keeper of the cave swears that he had seen a canoe at the bottom of the lake when it was very clear. In the middle there is the oak tree by which the explorer escaped from the cave. Then there are gigantic walls of rocks, with their pictures of people and animals. After this, one sees a long pair of stairs which one climbs, and at the top are many stalactites and stalagmites which are forming with the years; and farther on are some minerals. There are also some other small caves branching from this big one, that are forming more wonders, but these are not open yet.

BOB BOONE, *Low Eighth.*

HOW JOHN BECAME A CAPTAIN

General Jackson walked along the ridge. Below him lay the Union forces outnumbering his army ten to one. In the morning they would surely be defeated, unless he could think of some strategy. At his side rode Lieutenant John Smith. He seemed to sense the General's thoughts and said, "Why couldn't we paint those logs black and grey and put them along this ridge so the enemy will think they are cannon. They won't know our numbers and maybe will retreat long enough to allow us to escape." Immediately the General's face lighted up and he ordered the logs painted and placed.

* * *

It was morning. This day was a great day for General McClellan. If he defeated the Confederate army now he might be made Commander-in-Chief of the Union forces. "Just then a scout came flying, all wild with haste and fear." He quickly saluted and said, "We can't hope to win. The enemy has over forty cannon pointed at us. We must retreat now."

"Impossible!" roared the General.

"Come and see for yourself, then," was the only answer he got.

* * *

General Jackson saw with a smile the Union army retreating. He sent a messenger after John and for a reward for his services made him a captain. It was one of the greatest moments in John's life. He was a CAPTAIN.

BEN GERWICK, *High Seventh.*

BENAIRES

It was a bleak, winter night in the Alps of Switzerland. A traveler, floundering through snowy drifts, fell exhausted. By good fortune a monastery was not far distant. Every night monks and dogs would go out and search for any such travelers. This night, a monk with a dog by the name of Benaires, set out. They had only gone a little way when Benaires found the traveler. The monk hurriedly took him to the monastery, where, under their careful attention, he soon recovered. When the traveler was ready to start out again, he told them who he was; Count Bernard. The Count had been separated from his companions and had become lost. He was very grateful, and when he arrived safely in his own city, he had a statue of the monk and Benaires erected in the market place for all to see. All his life he helped the monastery by giving them large sums of money.

JEAN PARKIN, *High Seventh.*

A MARINE VIEW

The sun, a living ball of fire, was creeping towards the horizon just outside the properly named Golden Gate. A large, wide, glittering lane of shining gold stretched through the Golden Gate up to the shores of Berkeley. The clouds that surrounded the sun were tinted a deep orange. The waters of the bay were a dark purple with the hills of San Francisco and the Marin County mountains forming a dark background. The sky scrapers of San Francisco were sharply silhouetted against the horizon. A boat could be seen steaming into the bay through the Golden Gate leaving behind a stream of foam and a long trail of smoke. Ferry boats were plying between their destinations with their human cargoes. A silver winged airplane was flashing on high.

JIM LUTHIN, *Low Ninth*.

SILENCE IS GOLDEN

There was a mysterious air over the building. Everyone was solemn. Not one spoke as he slipped about his sad duty. The long, dim corridors had an air of sorrow of their own. Some walked with bowed heads as in deep sorrow. Silence prevailed over all. What had happened? The day before, all had been free and jolly! today they acted as if they had lost their last friend. Finally, when the suspense was too great to bear, I nudged the one in command and whispered, "What's the matter?" He replied in a solemn bass voice, "This is a day of silence."

BETTY JANE CLARK, *Low Ninth*.

JUPITER'S REVENGE

In the town of Montreux, cuddling in the Swiss Alps, lived a little peasant lad called by his friends (he had no parents) Jean Roget. He was a cripple, having been attacked by an eagle while he was defending a lamb from its talons. His small flock of sheep, left him by his father, was pastured between the railroad and towering cliffs of rock and snow. They dwindled into a peak which glistened from the ice like a diamond solitaire in the morning sun.

On the early morning train rode Jimmy Peterson, an American boy, traveling with his mother. He had become friendly with the conductor in his car and had been told the story of Jean, whose cheery wave was watched for by the trainmen. When told about the fight with the eagle, Jimmy said, "I wonder if the eagle was Jupiter, angry because the new-born lamb was not sacrificed to him?"

"Nonsense, boy, no one believes in the ancient gods now."

Embarrassed, Jimmy said no more, but he thought, "what an excellent spot for a temple of the gods that sparkling pinnacle would be." Then he thought, "Why couldn't that eagle have been Jupiter, for the eagles represent Jupiter. But I hope not, for Jupiter always got his revenge. I suppose I am silly to think this way, but I like to."

The engineer of the train looked across the meadow to see Jean wave. He was not there. The engineer was wondering why, when he saw Jean in the track ahead, waving his shirt in warning. As he stopped, he wondered what Jean wanted. But he did not wonder long. A low rumbling was heard. Landslide! Down the side of the cliff, burying the meadow and its flock of sheep, came the rushing torrent of rock and ice. On it came, picking up Jean, throwing, then burying him as if he were but a blade of grass. On it swept, a scarce hundred yards from the train, and thundered down the valley.

When the word of tragedy reached the rest of the train, Jimmy mumbled to himself, looking up at the peak from where the slide had come, "It was Jupiter's revenge."

Now, in the little meadow, Proserpina dances as usual and flowers spring up in her footsteps.

HENRY REED, *High Ninth*.

THE MARSH

A solitary bird flies above the sluggish waters. Now and then a breeze rushes through the drooping marsh grasses. I pause to gaze on the gloomy solitude of the marsh. A desolate waste of black waters, dotted here and there with rotting tree stumps, hung with fantastic Spanish moss. Over to the left stands an impenetrable tangle of trees and rank vines, almost beautiful with their bright greens, and an occasional wild flower. The most prominent flower in the marsh is the Marshmallow which lifts its golden cup wherever a small muddy hillock gives it a chance to grow. Soon I stop my contemplation of this dreary scene, for the sun is going down, lighting up the black waters, as it fades.

STELLAMARIS LAPRAIK, *High Eighth.*

JAPANESE DRESS

The Japanese girls wear dainty, flowered kimonos with long pockets fastened to the sleeves. They wear a gay obi or sash around the waist. The girls are very particular as to how this is tied for they believe it brings good luck if it is tied right.

The women dress almost the same but they wear quieter colors. The Japanese women of the higher class have maids to dress their hair. It sometimes takes an hour to arrange their hair, which is jet black. They put many little, fancy combs and ornaments in their hair.

Some of the men wear coats of rice straw.

Indoors the Japanese wear slippers made of rice straw and outdoors they wear wooden clogs. These shoes are more like sandals for they have no tops to them.

The Japanese dress very neatly and artistically.

ROSALYN HUNTER, *High Seventh.*

DESCRIPTION OF A FRENCH COUNTRYSIDE IN SUMMER

It was a warm afternoon and stillness pervaded the atmosphere. The sky was a soft blue, with fleecy white clouds in it, sailing around like fairy ships.

The trees were a pretty green against the pale blue sky, with grass and flowers growing about them. A white goat was munching grass by the wayside. In the shade of the trees two children sat enjoying the stillness and beauty, until dusk overtook them.

DOROTHY REDDY, *High Seventh.*

THE GULL

Last week we took a trip to the bay. The weather was fine, and the bay was a beautiful thing to see. As we stood there, Jonathan remarked that the gulls were one of the most interesting species of birddom. Jack contradicted him, saying that he didn't think that the gull was interesting. Jonathan began to tell us some things. The western gull and the California species are seen in San Francisco's harbor every day. Gulls have been known to follow ships across the ocean. They know refuse is thrown over every day.

One day as we stood on the beach we threw bread to them. One stupid bystander threw the end of a cigarette to them. It was immediately snatched up and we saw the gull land on the beach and cock his head this way and that. He swallowed it. Oh! that was not very tasty, and though it was half-way down, it came up again. The gull, when still young, learns strict obedience. A little gull is often pecked until he bleeds, if he leaves his nest once too often.

These birds are very wise, strong, and large as well. Jonathan finished his story by saying that the gull is protected and that most people like the bird because of its flight and tameness as well as beauty.

ARNOLD WULFFRAAT, *High Seventh.*

CUPID'S ARROW

ACT I

SCENE I

The place is in a little town called Spriggsville. The time is in the early '90's. When the curtain rises, it is early spring. The flowers are budding and the trees are all in bloom. A little boy, Timmy Brooks, about ten years of age, enters a brown house covered with ivy. He is carrying some books slung over his shoulder. When he enters the living room, there is a young lady talking to his mother.

MOTHER: Yes, I think it would be a very good plan for Timmy to start to Sunday school. I have been wanting him to go for quite a while.

LADY: You see, he could start right in my class, as the children are all his age.

MOTHER (looking up as Timmy enters room): Timmy, this is Miss Maybelle, the Sunday School teacher. She wants to start you in her class.

TIMMY (gazing in rapture at the lovely lady): Er, yes ma'am.

MISS MAYBELLE: I am sure you would like it, Timmy, as there are so many nice big boys like you attending.

TIMMY (blushes from ear to ear): Thank you, yes'm, I'd like to.

SCENE II

It is eight o'clock Sunday morning. Timmy is busy at his ablutions. He is having trouble with his hair.

TIMMY: Gosh! I wish this old hair of mine would lay down. If I only had some glue!

MOTHER (enters hurriedly): Timmy, will you kindly hurry. I never saw you so fussy in all my life. Have you washed your neck and ears, and brushed your teeth?

TIMMY: 'Course, maw, do you think I'd go to Sunday School and be in Miss Maybelle's class with dirty ears? (Then): Say, maw, may I wear my new tie?

MOTHER: No, Timmy, you put on your second best.

TIMMY: Gosh, maw, I want to wear it. Please let me.

MOTHER: I said no, Timmy. I bought that tie for you to wear to your Cousin Elmira's wedding.

TIMMY: Aw, maw. I won't hurt it if I wear it to Sunday School. I'd rather dress up going to Sunday School than to an old wedding.

MOTHER (emphatically): No! (As she leaves the room she murmurs in an undertone): My, but he's fussy. I'm glad, though, that he's going, willingly, to Sunday School.

ACT II

SCENE I

Timmy starts to Sunday School in high spirits. On the road he meets a group of boys who laugh at him.

ONE BOY: Look at the sissy! All dressed up to go to Sunday School. Ha! Ha!

TIMMY (burning): I'll get even with you tomorrow; see if I don't.

(He saunters on and meets Miss Maybelle carrying some books.)

TIMMY: Good morning, ma'am. Let me carry those books for you.

MISS MAYBELLE: Thank you, Timmy. Isn't it a glorious morning. I just know you'll like Sunday School.

TIMMY: Yes'm. And I am glad you're my teacher.

MISS MAYBELLE: I'm glad I am, too. By the way, do you think you may come over sometime to my house for tea?

TIMMY (delighted at the prospect): I should say I can. (Then): If mother will let me.

MISS MAYBELLE: I think she will. I'll speak to her about it.

TIMMY: Yes'm. Thank you.

SCENE II

After Sunday School, Timmy enters the house noisily. Throwing his cap in the air he shouts:

TIMMY: Hooray maw! Miss Maybelle invited me to her house for tea, and she said she'd ask you about it.

MOTHER: Well, when you go be sure and have your manners with you. And I hope you behaved like a gentleman in Sunday School.

TIMMY (dreamily): You know, maw, I think I am going to like Sunday School after all.

Cupid had certainly hit his mark.

THORA HARPER, *High Ninth*.

AN INDIAN LEGEND

Little Arrow was wandering in the forest of pines and dreaming of his reign as chief of his tribe, although he was not the chief's son, who was Eagle's Feather. He was thinking of a way to get rid of an enemy tribe who killed and scalped the braves of his tribe, the "Kee Watins."

He was friendly with all the animals of the forest. He was kind to all of them and they loved him.

One night the enemy tribe, the "Amamidans," were on a raid. Through the still night air, Long Arrow heard the war cries of the Amamidans, as they circled around the camp of the Kee Watins. Quietly, he slipped through the ranks and ran to the forest.

"Hi, coyote. Hi, wolves. Hi, birds of the golden song! Come help Little Arrow, and the Kee Watins!"

Out from the underbrush, from the tree tops came all sorts of animals and birds.

The morning dawned and maidens came dancing slowly in time to weird music. Great Eagle came forth and said, "Oh! Little Arrow, you shall be my son. You are worthy to be chief after me, the battle was saved by your courage. Your name is 'Golden Arrow,' and people shall worship you wherever you are."

A maiden approached with a beaded belt with a symbol of a golden arrow and animals on it.

"I, Petoga (or the Morning Star), the chief's daughter, present you with this belt to keep in memory of your forest friends who won the battle."

NELLIE SHNEYEROTT, *Low Eighth*.

A CLEVER COYOTE

It was a bright, May day in the year of 1888, in the Middle West.

"Wa'al," drawled Jim, "we've got to catch that coyote somehow."

"Yeah? But how are we going to do it?" asked One-eyed Joe, who had lost his eye in a fight with a bear. "All o' the poison meat we set out the dogs eat it and die. We can't catch her in traps, nor do we know where her hole is."

"Oh, no?" said Jim. "I know jest about where her hole is an' I'm going there now. Want ta come with me? We need a spade, a sack, some rope, an' a rifle."

In one half hour they were ready with the provisions. Arriving at the place where Jim had last seen the coyote, he said, "You be ready to shoot if the coyotes run out o' the underbrush."

Beating through the brush he came upon a hole with a lot of chicken feathers around it. Exclaiming with joy, he started to dig. After digging for an hour or so, he came to the end of the den and cried out in anger, "The dog-goned coyotes ain't here."

"Wa'al," said Joe amusingly, "she must o' seen or smelt you and moved out. She's a clever coyote and 'ou'd do anything for them coyotes o' her's."

SUZANNE CHAPMAN, *Low Ninth*.

A PICTURE

The sun, a golden ball of fire, was sinking slowly through the Golden Gate, and beyond the western horizon. The sky was enveloped in a massive and beautiful flame of gold, with a little rose around the edges. The white, fleecy clouds, drifting southward, were tinted with a gorgeous pink, almost a light vermilion. It was an awe-inspiring spectacle, and the Golden Gate was truly living up to its name. The sky, now an exqui-

site crimson, slowly turning to a deep blue, was wrapping the mountains in a purplish haze, as night approached.

The sun had now departed to lend its light to other countries and worlds, but to return to us on the morrow.

EDWIN TOWNER, *Low Ninth*.

WHY WE SHOULD GIVE TO THE COMMUNITY CHEST

The Community Chest is one of the greatest institutions in the United States. It helps the poor, the orphans, and the needy. Many a poor hungry boy has the Community Chest fed and made strong. We should all give to the Community Chest. It may help the very little boy for whom you were just feeling so sorry and wishing you could help. If we didn't have a Community Chest in Berkeley there would be many undernourished children. The Community Chest cares for these children and sees that they get well and strong.

RONALD MATTHEW, *Low Eighth*.

A "WIGWOP"

The day was decidedly hot and, much to our disgust, the iceman didn't come along. We turned weary footsteps toward the back yard. Suddenly an idea occurred to me. Papa had just finished pruning the trees and the branches had not been cleared away. I told Mary Louise, my sister, who usually agrees with my brain storms. My idea was to make a wigwam.

We sorted out five branches and put them in a circle and, slanting them to the top, tied them with a cord. Some wigwam, I'll say. An old couch cover, some coarse blue material and garlands from a dainty vine constituted the furnishings. It was hardly large enough to squeeze into but nearly perfect in our eyes.

"What is it?" asked Ann Elizabeth, a two-year-old nuisance, who twice had almost caused the destruction of the wigwam.

"It's a wigwam, dearie."

"Oh, it's a wigwop, ith it?"

"Yes," we laughed, "it's a wigwop."

JEANNETTE BUSHNELL, *High Eighth*.

OUR FLAG

How splendid it is to know that you live in a land of freedom and peace, a land where there are no revolts or outrageous outbreaks, where people love and honor their country, where they are proud to see their towns and great cities, and over the whole country is a very beautiful flag.

The forty-eight stars seem to glow with a light so that all nations of the world seem to lift their heads to behold the dazzling light that shines out on them.

The red is like the morning sky before dawn; it seems to signify the beginning of a perfect day.

At first a few people landed on our shores. They were fleeing away from a flag that held them in bondage, and so they fled to a country that would be founded on freedom, and their flag was one from which no one wished to flee.

So this noble country grew; and then jealousy sprang up in the countries where liberty and freedom reigneth not. Now, it seemed as though the morning sky with its bright hue would be clouded. But truth, courage, and liberty kept right on shining through the clouds, and then gloriously burst through them.

Now you and I are dwelling under this great flag. May we set a perfect example for generations yet to come.

CATHERINE DURAND, *High Eighth*.

THE SURPRISE

A group of boys and girls were lying lazily on the grass.

"Oh! I wish there was something different to do!" sighed Bill. "Let's each think of something to do; then we can do the thing that seems most interesting." A few minutes were spent in thought.

"Let's go wading in the creek," suggested Dot.

"Oh, no! It's so muddy just now!" objected May.

"Well then, let's play Robin Hood." No! The girls weren't enthusiastic about that.

"I know! Let's give a show!" exclaimed Robert.

"That would be fun."

"Where shall it be?"

"How much shall the admission be?"

"May I be a clown?"

"We will hold a sort of meeting right now and talk things over. Everyone must do something," said Robert.

They spent the afternoon planning for their show. Everyone decided what they were to do. Ruth and Annie, who were very bashful and did not wish to appear in the show, agreed to make posters advertising the show. Many weeks were occupied in practicing.

At last, however, the Saturday came on which they were to do their stunts and performances. All the people were pouring into John's grandfather's barn. Before the performances went on, the audience visited the zoo. Margery's cat was the tiger and there were all kinds of animals. Joe and his brother were dressed up like an elephant, one being the head and the other the back.

Now it was time to begin. The people were hurrying to their seats, which were really only boxes, for the announcer was on the stage. First on the program were Elizabeth and Janet doing their clown act. They did quite a few acrobatic stunts and told some jokes. Then came Henry dressed up like a negro singing some songs and talking in negro dialect. Then came Buster, the dog, with Joko, the monkey, on his back holding the reins. Joko wore a suit of red and a cap to match. The announcer said Sue would ride her pony around the stage. At first the children thought there wasn't enough to her act, just riding around the stage, and weren't going to let her do it. When the curtains opened they were surprised to see hoops suspended from the ceiling. They wondered what these were for. Now Sue entered, not riding but standing on the horse's back. Everybody was amazed! She jumped through the hoops as she came near them. The people were cheering and cheering her.

At last the show was over and the people were going home. Then the children who had given the show came up to Sue.

"How on earth did you do it?"

"We thought you were just going to ride around."

"Gee! you did it swell."

"Oh! thanks!" she cried. "You see my uncle used to be in a real circus and he taught me how to do it. I thought I wouldn't tell you so I could surprise you."

"Well you surely did surprise us!" they exclaimed.

ROSALYN HUNTER, *High Seventh*.

AN UNUSUAL GAME

Dad was reading aloud the football prospects on the eve of a big game, and I was trying to study World War history. Well, it just couldn't be done. Imagine trying to learn a lot of facts about where the different armies were and lots of other things and just then having Dad exclaim that California was a two-to-one favorite. So I gave up and went to bed, expecting to cram in the morning.

The next day was ideal for the game, and we arrived in time to see the teams come on the field. The seven men on the line were dressed as doughboys, all with guns and bayonets. They looked as if they were ready to kill each other. The four men in the backfield were two captains, a sergeant and a general. The general who was playing quarterback was giving the orders from about midfield. The sergeant, standing way in the rear, was mounted on a white horse while all the others were on black horses.

They waved their swords and dashed together. It seemed to me that this was going to be the roughest game of football I had ever seen. I watched two men fighting when one was knocked off his horse with a——

Ting-a-ling-a-ling. What was that noise?

It was seven o'clock. The dream was over, but the history test was still ahead of me.

THOMAS YALE, *Low Seventh*.

THE SEASONS

Sing a song of morning
Of morning in the spring,
Of bees and birds and butterflies
And fairies in a ring.

Sing a song of noonday
Of noonday in the fall,
Of pumpkins, grain, and apples
And of wild ducks lone call.

Sing a song of night time
Of night time in the snow,
Of blizzards, sleet, and snowstorm
What winter has to show.

Sing a song of happy times
Of seasons bright and blue,
Of chilly fall and winter,
Of spring and summer too.

MARJORIE PENNINGTON, *High Ninth*

ODE TO SUMMER

Joyous summer!
I felt you pass,
I heard you sing
In tree, in grass,
In bird on wing.
I saw you, too,
In bright sunlight,
In sky of blue,
In cloud snow-white.
I felt your breath
Upon my cheek,
As calm as death.

JANE ANDERSON,
Low Ninth

THE THREE FATES

Clotho was the youngest Fate,
She was pretty, fair, and tall;
Wool she wound about the spindle;
She was nicest of them all.

Lachesis was in age the second,
Dark was she and very stately;
Her work was to twist the wool,
And she did it quite sedately.

Atropos, eldest of the three,
Very ugly, stern, and mean,
Cut with gloom the thread of life,
Old and gray but mind still keen.

ROBERTA HECTOR, *High Ninth*

ODE TO SPRING

O Spring, our hearts are full of joy
When thy bright face appears,
You drive away our miseries,
Our fears.

O Spring, thy smile restores to life
The flowers beneath the earth,
The hills resound the joyous sounds
Of mirth.

You wake the brooks beneath the trees
The birds begin to sing,
The air is fill'd with their glad songs
To Spring.

O Spring, be thou forever near,
Stay with us through the years.
Live in our memories and console
Our tears.

JEANETTE WELLS, *Low Ninth*

IF I WERE A BOY

If I were a boy I'd be polite
And never yell or steal or fight.
I'd get my lessons every day
And do my best in every way.
I'd wash my ears and neck and face
And never shuffle about the place.
I would not cheat nor tell a lie.
I'd be a "Lindy" by and by.

EDNA FARRAR, *High Eighth*

MR. ROVER

Good morning, Mr. Rover,
I'd have a talk with you.
You're always looking happy
When I am feeling blue.

Today there isn't any school
And I am all alone;
Please help me, Mr. Rover,
My thoughts are gone, I own.

My friends all have engagements
Or else have gone away,
Please see if you can help me
To spend a pleasant day.

This morning, Mr. Rover,
I'd have a talk with you.
You always are so happy,
Please tell me what to do.

BETTY CLARKE, *Low Eighth*

A PICTURE I WANT

You would paint me, sir, a picture
To recall what I hold dear?
You would place before me plainly
Scenes not viewed for many a year?

Take me back then, friend, to Berkeley,
Take me back at close of day,
When the setting sun is painting
Paths of gold across the Bay.
Golden poppies, golden waters,
Colored by the setting sun,
And the fragrance of acacia
Greet us when the day is done.

Let us sit upon a hilltop
'Neath a great tree's sheltering bough,
Where the city lies below us.
How I long to see it now!
Farther still beyond lies Garfield,
Garfield school I used to love.
See you, friend, the Garfield banners
With the seagulls there above?

Oh, my friend, do take me back
To the long ago, I pray.
Paint this scene on canvas for me.
Would that I were there today!

MARGARET FORD, *High Seventh.*

FROLIC OF THE STARS

I saw the moon a-racing
Above the feathery clouds,
And all the stars were chasing
Wrapped up in grey-toned shrouds.

They played about the heavens
As fast as they could go.
In two's, or five's, or seven's
They scampered to and fro.

And all in vain the Sand-man tried
To catch them in his bag;
He ran and puffed, and wheezed, and sighed
While they were playing tag.

MASA SUGUIRA, *Low Eighth.*

THE BATTLE CRY

Ga—rf—ie—ld

That battle cry appeals to me.
And if you'll wait a very short time,
I'll tell you why—and do it in rhyme.
G is for Garfield so great and so grand.
A is ambition for all in the land.
R is for three things once thought all in all.
F is the flag-staff so stately and tall.
I is ideals which our teachers instil.
E is for energy coupled with skill.
L is for loyalty where'er we go.
D is for D. L. H. whom you all know.

PAULINE HEMP, *Low Eighth.*

IF I COULD ONLY HAVE MY WAY

If I could only have my way,
I wouldn't go to school today;
I'd spend my time upon the sand,
And do the things I've always planned.

I'd build a castle big and strong,
And be a princess all day long,
And when the evening sun was low,
I'd turn toward home with footsteps slow.

If I could only have my way,
I'd never waste a lovely day,
Over my lessons dull and gray—
If I could only have my way.

WINIFRED SUTLIFF, *High Seventh.*

WARNING TO SCRUBS

Beware the G. S. A., my child
'Tis standing in the hall,
At every intersection, immovable
and tall,
And if you should be guilty
Of running on the stair,
It will reach out a brawny hand
And grab you by the hair.
Then to the student court you'll go
The justices to view,
Oh! why, Oh! why did you defy
The G. S. A. so true.

NADINE SAMSON, *Low Ninth.*

HAIL APOLLO!

Hail to Apollo! Hail, Oh Hail!
You bring the light that cannot fail.
We offer praise to thee all day,
Who hold the light that guides our way.

From Mount Olympus' craggy hills,
From streams, from valleys, rocks and rills,
We thank thee for thy healing power,
With each and every passing hour.

Help the young men to be strong;
Guide them from all ill and wrong.
You bring the light that cannot fail.
Hail to Apollo! Hail, Oh Hail!

DOROTHY DAVIDSON, *High Ninth.*

TO HIM WHO DARED

Ah yes, his courage was strong enough
To defy the wind-swept ocean!
As high o'er its barren wilderness,
He skimmed with dizzying motion.

He was the first who dared to do
That thing for which we know him;
How well deserving Lindbergh is,
Of all the love we show him!

FRANCES LEONA COLBY, *Low Seventh.*

MY ALARM CLOCK

I have a new alarm clock,
It's very fine indeed,
I never have to wind it up,
And still there is no need
To worry that it won't go off,
For these fine days of spring,
A hundred birds sing out to me,
"Get up, you lazy thing!"

ALICE DALRYMPLE, *High Ninth.*

MY MOTHER'S HANDS

My mother's hands are cool and fair,
They can do anything;
Mercies delicate hide there,
As flowers do in spring.
When I was small and could not sleep,
She used to come to me,
And with her hand upon my cheek,
How sure my rest would be.
All this was very long ago,
And I am grown but, yet,
The hand that lures my slumbers so,
I never can forget.

BETTY ANDERSON, *High Seventh.*

SPRINGTIME

The little fly is first of all
To leave his cranny in the wall,
And with his busy buzzing wing,
Proclaim the coming of the spring.

We hail the maple on the lawn,
For signaling that winter's gone.
The violet's pioneering ways,
We greet with plentitude of praise.

But the fly that comes with buzzing cheer,
Announcing that the spring is here,
We either feed with poisoned water,
Or else we smite him with the swatter.

JOHN CAVE, *Low Eighth.*

"B's"

I think that I shall never see
A grade as lovely as a "B,"
A "B" whose grace will let us rate
The grades we need to graduate;
Fools make "D's" and "F's" each day,
But only "Profs." can make an "A."

GEORGINA CAPSER, *Low Ninth.*



GARFIELD CLUBS

Garfield has many interesting and popular clubs. We wish to thank the teachers who have been so kind in sponsoring these clubs, for if it were not for them we could not have our clubs. Some of the clubs were so popular that they had to divide them into two clubs. Many interesting subjects are offered. The purposes of the clubs vary, but they have this in common, better citizenship and education.

THE ART CLUB, sponsored by Miss Mally, has a membership of twenty-nine. All grades except the Low Seven are represented. The members have made Easter cards for the World War veterans and helped make the decorations for the Honor Society banquet. They also made some original sketches and paintings.

THE LEATHER CRAFT CLUB, sponsored by Miss Collar, is composed of twenty-five members from all grades. The club learns to make various objects of tooled leather. The members have gone after their work earnestly and will undoubtedly turn out some fine pieces of work.

THE LINOLEUM BLOCK CLUB is sponsored by Miss Kidwell and is made up of boys and girls of different grades. The members make linoleum blocks of many designs. Several are making their monograms to use as a letter head. The club has proven very successful.

THE GARFIELD INTERNATIONAL SCIENCE CLUB, under the sponsorship of Mr. Boehne, has recently been started. The club's object is to build up an appreciation of the great facts of science. This club plans to join the World League of International Education Association. Many of the members have written letters to foreign children, and several replies have been received. The club consists of pupils of the science classes.

THE FIRST AID CLUB is sponsored by Miss Snyder. The club is instructed in first aid and has taken up all kinds of bandages, what to do for cuts, burns, sprains, and fractures. The object is to instruct the pupils so that they will be able to be of assistance in emergencies where first aid is needed.

THE HIKING CLUB has enjoyed many trips to nearby places. Any pupil is eligible. Miss Laurens is the sponsor. The club has had a wienie roast in John Hinkle Park and expects to have a marshmallow roast.

THE BOYS' ROWING CLUB contains forty-two members. Under the direction of Mr. Corley they go to Lake Merritt and practice in boat drill. They receive instruction according to the naval regulations for a crew of twelve. They will enter two boats in the Oakland Regatta.

THE LOW SEVENTH DRAMATIC CLUB is made up of thirty girls interested in dramatics. These girls write their own plays and dramatize them. Miss Goode and Miss Skinner

are the sponsors. The club meets once a week and practices the best plays that have been written.

THE SEVENTH AND EIGHTH DRAMATIC CLUB is sponsored by Miss Wilson. They produce short plays and scenes. Some members write plays. The club gives a chance to those who like to act for practice and enjoyment.

THE NINTH GRADE DRAMATIC CLUB is composed of twenty-five girls. It is sponsored by Mrs. Atherton. The club has written a play, which they hope to produce in the near future.

THE CALIFORNIA TRAVEL CLUB was organized so that the members might learn more about the interesting places of California. The pupils under the direction of Mrs. Brennan have collected material about some of the most interesting cities. The club is composed of six girls who are making scrap books of California. They hope to learn more of our interesting and beautiful state.

THE TYPING CLUB gives the boys and girls of the advanced typing classes practice in doing actual work for the school and its personnel. It is sponsored by Miss Hamsher.

THE GIRLS' TUMBLING CLUB, composed of twenty-six members from all grades, is sponsored by Mrs. Davis. Both beginning and advanced tumblers are included. The girls learn many athletic stunts.

THE TENNIS CLUB is sponsored by Mr. Perry and Mrs. Lawson. The club is for the purpose of teaching the members to play tennis. There are thirty-three members from the eighth and ninth grades.

THE PRINTING CLUB is composed of eighth and ninth grade boys. The purpose is not to make master printers of the members but to give a general idea of printing. The members give interesting reports on printing each week. Mr. Leland, the sponsor, arranged for the club to visit the Tribune. They saw the presses and other points of interest.

THE RADIO CLUB, sponsored by Mr. Flanders, is composed of ninth grade boys. The boys are making short wave circuits and several sets have been completed. The Radio Club teaches members how to build radio sets.

THE SANTA CLAUS CLUB has a membership of fifteen boys of all grades. As the name implies, the boys make toys for distribution at Christmas. Mr. Hughes is the sponsor. The boys of the club do not work for themselves but for others less fortunate.

THE BOYS' TUMBLING CLUB, sponsored by Mr. Chastain, has accomplished a great many stunts on the mats, springboard, and horizontal bar. This club helps the boys develop agility and quick thinking.

THE SPIRITUS LEGIS CLUB is sponsored by Mr. Corley. It gives its members an idea of law. They discuss important legal cases and court procedure. It contains boys of different grades. They hope to feel qualified to settle all legal disputes for Garfield pupils or faculty.

THE BOOK LOVERS CLUB, sponsored by Miss E. Patton, is composed of boys and girls from the eighth and ninth grades. The purpose is to become acquainted with the library books, and authors. The club has edited a library bulletin entitled the "Winged-Foot Mercury." They wrote to many authors and received several replies.

THE GARFIELD EXCURSION CLUB is composed of seventh and eighth grade boys and girls. Miss B. Patton takes the members to various interesting places. The pupils have

visited: the University of California, a rubber company, a cracker company, a creamery, the Chinese Boys' Home, and the Oakland Museum. The purpose is to give the members experience which will tend toward better citizenship.

THE TRAVEL CLUB is sponsored by Miss Fraser, Miss Brush, and Miss Martin. These teachers show pictures of different places and give interesting talks on life abroad. The club is composed of about thirty-five boys and girls of all grades. The purpose is to teach the members about foreign countries.

THE SPANISH CLUB, under the direction of Miss Whitney, is for all Spanish students. Spanish must be spoken and Spanish games are played. The members of the club have fun, and at the same time receive practice in speaking Spanish. The thirteen members learned a Spanish song.

THE ROCK CLUB members have either started rock collections or added to those already possessed. The members of Miss Brubaker's club have tried to add at least one new rock to their collection every week. The club is composed of boys and girls of all grades.

THE PENMANSHIP CLUB is composed of twenty-seven members from all grades. Miss Gay teaches the members the correct form of making the letters. This is a very useful club and, judging from its large membership, must be popular.

THE WONDERS OF MATHEMATICS CLUB was so popular that they had to divide it in half, H8's and 9's coming on Tuesday and the others on Thursday. Miss Mossman is the sponsor. The club has learned many interesting things about Mathematics including the history of great mathematicians.

THE WILD FLOWER CLUB is sponsored by Miss White and is composed of pupils in the High Seventh grade. They collect specimens of many flowers, and mount them in books. They have found fourteen varieties on the Garfield grounds. The object is to have the pupils appreciate the beauty of nature.

THE GOLF CLUB, under Mrs. Dyson's sponsorship, was organized by ten eighth and ninth grade boys. They practice on a miniature course on the Garfield grounds. They hope to produce some good golfers. One afternoon was spent on the Alameda golf links.

THE LOW SEVENTH DANCING CLUB is sponsored by Mrs. Abbott. The club is made up of girls who are taught dancing. This club will contribute a dancing number for the entertainment given by the Low Sevenths to the High Sixths when the latter come to visit Garfield.

THE LOW SEVENTH BOYS' CLUBS are somewhat modeled after the scouts. Mr. Flanders, Mr. Leland, Mr. Chastain, Mr. Corley, Mr. Perry, and Mr. Boehne are the sponsors of the several clubs. The first three of these are scoutmasters and therefore exceptionally well fitted for the work. Some of the work is done in the home and many fine reports have been made by the parents. Some of the boys are chosen as leaders and this gives them good experience. They help plan the meetings and games in addition to being the head of their patrol.

The Club Code is as follows:

As a member of the Garfield Junior High School, I will do my best to support the student association and its officers and will do my utmost to preserve and protect school property. If I am chosen to represent my school in any team, club, or office I will give my best possible service.

THE BOYS' COOKING CLUB is very interesting and valuable. It is composed of sixteen members. The boys learn to plan, select, cook, and serve a meal. They also learn to appreciate the importance of acquiring good food habits. The demonstration class held during Educational Week was enjoyed by all. The club is sponsored by Miss Barry.



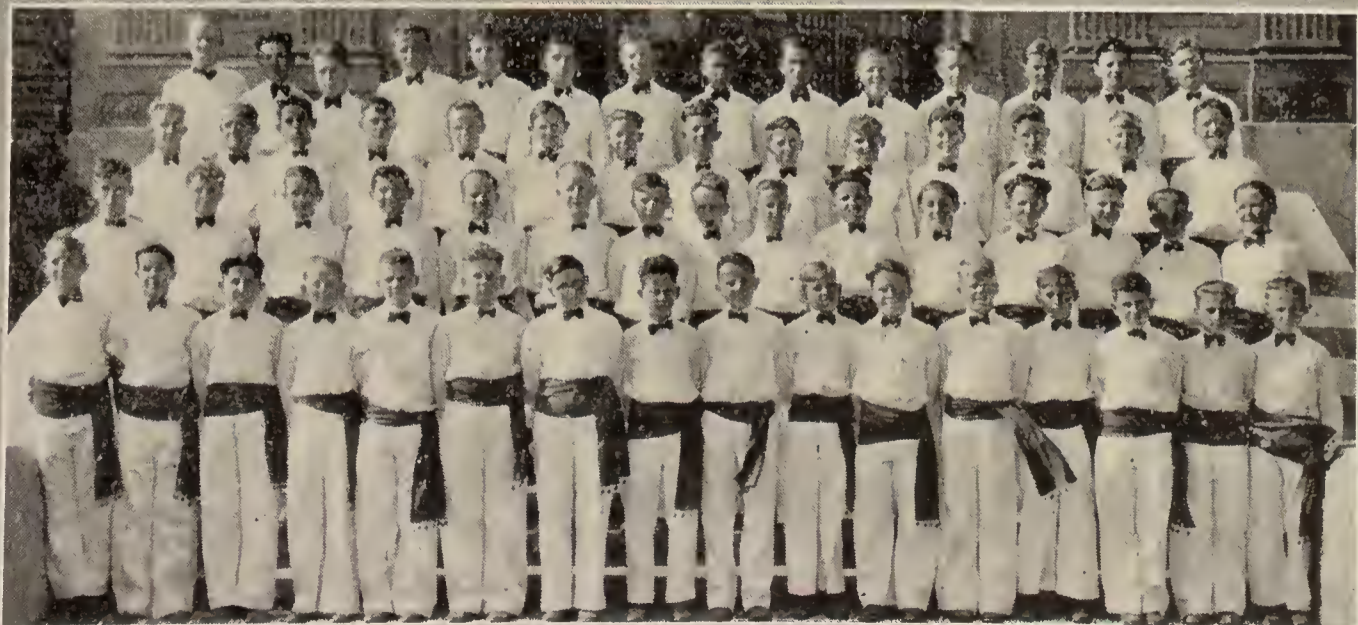
GARFIELD BAND



ORCHESTRA



GIRL'S GLEE CLUB



BOY'S GLEE CLUB



THE GARFIELD BAND

The Garfield Band, under the direction of Mr. Minzyk, is composed of about forty members from all grades of the school. The concert given during Education Week was enjoyed by all. The boys have a chance to learn to play on the instrument of their choice.

THE ORCHESTRA

The Garfield Orchestra has played outside of school several times, including an afternoon at Thousand Oaks and the University Elementary Schools. Under the excellent direction of Mr. Minzyk the orchestra will undoubtedly produce some excellent musicians. Any pupil is eligible whether in the High Nine or Low Seven.

THE BOYS' GLEE CLUB

The Girls' Glee Club consists of seventy girls. They have learned many songs under the instruction of Mrs. Johnson. The club sang at the High School on May 7 and at the Garfield on April 23. In this club the girls get a chance to develop and better their singing ability.

THE GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

The Boys' Glee Club meets twice a week under the direction of Mrs. Smith with Mrs. White as accompanist. The boys of the club sang for the P.T.A. on the afternoon that Kathleen Norris spoke. They also sang before the Lions' Club and the B.H.S.T.A.

The News

OUR HOUR OF HOMAGE

It was about one o'clock on Tuesday, February 11, 1930, when all through the building ran messengers, hurriedly summoning the classes to do homage to one of America's greatest men, Abraham Lincoln. Summoned also to help us in our attempt at homage was Mrs. Oscar Maillard Bennett, one of California's if not America's greatest dramatic readers. As we all sat listening to her reading John Drinkwater's "Abraham Lincoln," some of us must have thought, "Oh! if I could only be like him! If I could only be sure I could do what he has done, how much better I would be."

Mrs. Bennett read with so much expression that it all seemed real and from the way we all listened I know that it was very much enjoyed. As I sat listening I saw the whole scene re-enacted again in my mind. With her words singing in my ears and the picture in my mind I fully enjoyed that hour of homage. Many of the boys I saw later wore expressions of deep thought, whether from what they had heard or for some other reason I do not know. But let's all hope it was from the former. I do.

ROBERT DARNABY.

MEN'S COMMUNITY CHEST PROGRAM

On Thursday noon, February 27, pupils of Garfield School enjoyed a program given by the prominent men teachers. This was the fourth of a series of Community Chest benefit programs. Mr. Hennessey gave an oration that will undoubtedly go down in history. Several of the men teachers gave very excellent imitations of some famous portraits. Mr. Perry and Mr. Corley pulled the wool over our eyes with some feats of miraculous magic. Mr. Chastain, in a radio act, proved a very successful radio announcer. The program was enjoyed by all, and proved a financial success.

HENRY REID, LYNN HEWITT, *High Seventh.*

RALLY DAY

On April 11, we had an out-door athletic rally. The purpose of this rally was to hand out the awards for basketball to the boys and girls.

The guest of honor was Coach Jack Eadie, coach of basketball and swimming at Berkeley High. Coach Eadie spoke on the origin of basketball, and how the basketball team at Berkeley High always looked for Garfield people to make up the school team.

This year we had two champion teams, the boys' 115's and the girls' 115's. Fifty boys and girls received their "G's" and fifteen received their stars.

SUSANNE BOWIE, *High Ninth.*

NEWS IN BRIEF

Jan. 6—We are with you once again, Teachers Dear.

Jan. 8—Tryouts for girls' basketball team.

Jan. 13—Noon leagues start with noise and enthooosizm.

Jan. 15—Banking. Page Giannini.

Jan. 17—First Assembly. Move to the center, please.

Jan. 21.—Low 7's entertain their adoring mammas. And How!

Jan. 22—Second and third periods change places. "Isn't this the—?" "No, Sonny, move on."

Jan. 24—Teachers present "Mr. Bob." "If it was only a 'orse or a dog."

Jan. 28—We rescue Mrs. White from the heat of Fresno. She becomes part of Garfield.

Jan. 31—P.T.A. card party. Hearts are trumps.

Feb. 4—P.T.A. meeting. "Through the Deserts of Asia." If they had electric motors there they could pray faster.

Feb. 5—Founders' day program by P.T.A. Kathleen Norris spoke on "Peace."

Feb. 6—Assembly. Garfield's standards explained by Mr. Hennessey.

Feb. 7—Illustrated lecture by Mrs. Cora Johnson Best, "The Bontok Country."

Feb. 10—Alumni dance, after school.

Feb. 11—Mrs. Bennett presents Drinkwater's "Abraham Lincoln." Excellent. Prof. Herms and others spoke at the flag raising by the Boy Scouts. Mr. Boehne's advisory program.

Feb. 12—Holiday. 'Ray for Lincoln.

Feb. 14—"The Old Home Town." Honor Society officers elected.

Feb. 20—"Jimmy's Dream of Books." Some dream!

Feb. 21—"Man Without a Country." Many new actors discovered.

Feb. 24—Report cards. "O lovely 'B'. I'll let papa see you first."

Feb. 25—Community Chest program.

Feb. 26—Clubs! Clubs! Which one will you join?

Feb. 27—Men's program. Who says Tony can't act?

Feb. 28—"Our Aunt from California" visits us.

March 3—Basketball practice starts.

March 4—Prof. Hunter spoke to the P.T.A. on "The Movie."

March 5—We go to our clubs. Everybody happy.

March 14—Ninth grade Honor Society meeting. Elaborate plans made.

March 18—"Mother Goose Drops In." We enjoy seeing the old dame.

March 19—Honor Society banquet. "A good time was had by all."

March 25—Pressy English tests. There ain't no such word as "ain't."

March 27—"Snail Club" formed. Many candidates.

March 28—Orchestra shows off at University Elementary.

April 2—Madame Ryder gives a very entertaining concert.

April 4 and 5—Dads of Garfield present "Plantation Frolics" to an enthusiastic audience. Down goes the tennis court debt.

April 9—Fine program is presented by advisories of Miss Wilson and Miss Mally.

April 10—Gleaner staff chosen. "Now do your stuff."

April 11—Rally. GA—RF—IE—LD!

April 12 to 18—Had to stay out of school on account of Easter vacation.

April 21—Report cards—good, bad, and indifferent.

April 22—Mrs. Abbott's advisory gives interesting play.

April 23—Night School! Demonstration classes for Better Schools Week. Fun to come to school at night.

April 24—Boys' Glee and "Rose Buds" entertain Lions' Club.
 April 25—Orchestra entertains Thousand Oaks School.
 April 29—Gleaner program by Miss Thelma Brown. We always did love "Mammy songs."
 April 30—Eighth grade Honor Society banquet.
 May 1—Boys' and Girls' Glee Clubs treated to ice cream and cake. Yum! Yum!
 May 2—Noon dance in gym.
 May 5—Glee Club wins much applause at High School.
 May 6—Last P.T.A. meeting of term.
 May 7—Metrical program given by Mr. Boehne's advisory. We learn much.
 May 8—Two fine programs given by advisories of Misses Gay and Skinner.
 May 9—Boys' field day. Many world records fractured.
 May 10 to June 4—Interesting events galore. High Nines show their dramatic ability in three splendid programs; girls have fine field day; several other classes present programs; clubs close with festive programs; civic tests are given; the Low Sevens of next semester are royally entertained; Seventh Grade Honor Students' banquet; Block "G's" have a fine blow-out; everybody gets ready for final tests.
 June 5—Graduation Day. Never another like it.
 June 6—Vacation! Nine weeks! Away with dull care!



THE CHASE

Over the hills and far away
 In merry chase they go,
 First come the dogs that have
 run astray,
 Chasing a wary doe.

Over the hills and far away
 In breathless chase they go,
 Next comes Diana who many a day,
 Has freed wild things from foe.

Over the hills and far away
 In hurried chase they go,
 They sight the deer, Diana fits
 An arrow to her bow.

From over the hills and far away
 Slowly—back they came,
 The dogs, the deer, Diana,
 The chase at last is done.

DORIS STAFFORD, *High Ninth.*

OUR PARENTS

DADS OF GARFIELD CLUB

This club was formally organized on October 7, 1929, as an outgrowth of the organization formed to produce the minstrel show of the preceding semester. The purpose of this club is to foster cooperation between the fathers and teachers of Garfield for the betterment of the school.

Officers for the year 1929-30 have been: President, Mr. C. A. Templeton; Vice-President, Mr. F. P. Lyman; Treasurer, Mr. A. R. Udall; Secretary, Mr. A. C. A. Sandner.

Regular meetings are held on the first Monday of each month.

Under the able leadership of Mr. Templeton the club has had a most successful year and now has a membership of about 160.

Activities for the year have included: Two general meetings to which the children brought their dads; the successful production, under the guidance of Mr. R. J. Garrett, of "Plantation Frolics" for the benefit of the Tennis Court Fund; the formation and support of a gymnasium class under the leadership of Mr. H. P. Corley; and the appointment of a committee to ascertain the present and future needs of the school, with a view to placing these findings before the Board of Education.

Our last meeting of the year was held on the evening of May 22, at which the mothers were the guests of the club at a dinner meeting which was followed by a very interesting talk by Dr. V. H. Podstata.

THE PLANTATION FROLICS

On April 4 and 5, the "Dads of Garfield" gave a minstrel show entitled "The Plantation Frolics." It was a great success. The purpose of this play was to reduce the debt of the tennis courts. They succeeded in accomplishing their purpose very well. Many parents and pupils attended both evenings. The "Dads of Garfield" in their play sang many of the popular pieces, such as "If I Had a Talking Picture" and "I'm Following You." This is one of the many entertainments given this term.

AGNES LARSEN, *High Ninth.*

THAT MAKES A DIFFERENCE

Bing! Horry's binder spread its multitudinous papers over the sidewalk as a result of Earl's energetic punch. School was out!

"Cut the funny stuff, and help gather up the junk you've scattered over the universe," Horry demanded.

"Here's the old P.T.A. notice too, teacher asked us each to take home," said Ed. as he handed over some of the papers.

"P.T.A.! P.T.A.! seems I'm always taking home a whole sheet of that dope, with instructions to bring back a torn-off signed piece. What's it all about anyway?" asked Tollie, as the four boys sauntered along Grove toward home.

"Yes, what's it all about? Just the other day I went into our kitchen and smelled a

darned good cake and when I asked for only a teeny hunk was told, 'O, you can't have any of that, that's for P.T.A.' Imagine!" Ed growled.

"Sure, that's just the way it is at our house too. And then the talk! Ma's on the execution board and Dad belongs to the Dad's Club, so when the conversation turns to P.T.A.—I beat it!" said Earl.

"Hey, you guys, let's find out about this P.T.A. stuff! Say we each git all the low-down on it we can from our families tonight. We'll meet in the Pirates' Den tomorrow after school and decide whether or not we want to deliver these notices, free gratis," cried Horry.

"O.K.L.M.N.X.!" they all shouted as they parted on the corner.

Four o'clock the following afternoon found the quartet in the back-yard cabin (Pirate's Den) ready for business. Pillows were flying here and yon and general rough-housing prevailed.

"Come on, fellers, let's hear your dope on P.T.A." said Horry. "Listen first to my high-hat notes," replied Ed, "My Ma was president onct, so she let me copy this from a book she had:

" 'The object of the Parent Teacher Association is to promote child welfare, to bring into closer relation the home and the school, that parents and teachers may cooperate intelligently in the training of the child; and to develop between educators and the general public such united efforts that will secure for every child the highest advantages in physical, mental, moral and spiritual education.' "

"Sounds to me as if the whole works were just to help us guys to get along better in school and out," drawled Tollie.

"Sure does," said Earl, "and now harken to my collected information." He read from a scrap of soiled yellow paper:

" 'Garfield P.T.A. has two classes for mothers where they study about—The Why of Boys and Girls.

" 'Mothers keep fresh flowers in the teachers' lunch-room.

" 'Mothers give swell feed to Champion Volley-ball Team of the School.

" 'Mothers feed the actors in Plantation Frolics.' "

"That's enough from you, Earl. Hot stuff too, but let's hear from the honorable Horry. Spout away, old scout!" said Ed.

"Sure will," replied Horry as he drew from his pocket a wad of paper, smoothed it out and read:

" '1. P.T.A. sponsors and aids three ball-room dancing classes for pupils of Garfield, Miss Able teacher.

" '2. P.T.A. has reception every term for new incoming mothers.

" '3. P.T.A. always gives party to each graduating class.

" '4. P.T.A. helps in all big affairs of the school.

" '5. P.T.A. gave a big card party to—' "

"Hold on, Horry, leave something for me to tell," cried Tollie, as he pulled from out his dirty cords pocket a neat little notebook and read:

" '150 Garfield dads organized to form a club—like a branch of P.T.A. Gave a minstrel show, all the profits of which went to help for the new tennis courts which belong to the school.

" 'P.T.A. mothers issued a cook-book which was printed in our own shop, and are now selling it—the money to go to the Students Aid Fund. They aid needy students by buying them car tickets, giving them clothing, and helping in many other ways.' "

"Nuff said, nuff said," they all shouted.

"We sure are strong for P.T.A.," said Ed.

"All in favor of bringing home P.T.A. notices free gratis, and without growls hereafter and forever, say aye.' "

"Aye!" yelled the four as they grabbed ball and bat and rushed pell-mell from the den to the vacant lot.

JANET B. MACCAUGHEY.



This semester Garfield has enjoyed a series of splendid entertainments and assembly programs. The Community Chest fund was the object of many of these activities. There were also several programs given by advisories to other advisories of the same grade and also plays by the various dramatic clubs.

On January 24 the season was opened with a benefit program entitled "Mr. Bob." It was given by the teachers. Of course we knew that our teachers had talent, but we did not realize what artists they were until they gave us this charming little play.

On February 11 Mr. Boehne's section presented the first advisory program of the year, a happy little skit in four parts, "The Unopened Valentine." The play was well acted, interesting, and contained a valuable lesson.

On February 27 the men teachers gave a benefit for the Community Chest. Professor Perry mystified us in his most mystifying manner. Mr. Hennessey presented a rare poem and also a series of famous pictures posed by the teachers. Tony also gave us a sample of his artistic powers.

A charming little play entitled "The Book Review" was given by Mrs. Sullivan's advisory on February 19 for the benefit of the other high seniors. The children deserve great credit for learning and rendering their separate parts and their ingenuity in devising costumes.

"The Old Home Town" was presented on the fourteenth of February. It was written and acted by Mrs. Kleeberger's class. Among the characters represented by the pupils were Mayor Driver, Mr. Hennessey, Miss Goode of Berkeley and Mayor Hope, Miss Interest and Miss Quest from Failureville. We are sure that if the delegates from Failureville make their Community Chest as efficient as ours they will have to change the name of their city.

"The Enchanted Book Shelf" was presented by the members of Miss Wilson's and Miss Mally's advisory groups. The characters who came to life from "Alice in Wonderland" were played by Miss Mally's advisory. Robin Hood and his merry band of outlaws, a colorful group of characters, were from Miss Wilson's advisory. The characters from "Little Women" were from the same class.

On February 21 Mrs. Hoover's and Mrs. Lawson's Low Eighth advisories combined to present the tragic story of "A Man Without a Country." The play was well received by all invited eighth grade sections and visitors.

Garfield has always been noted for its hearty support to the Community Chest. This year, however, instead of having the pupils contribute directly, several programs were given to which the pupils paid a small admission fee. One of the most enjoyable programs was "Aunt Mary from California," presented by Miss Barry's advisory. It was a very successful performance and added substantially to the fund.

On April 4 and 5 the Dads of Garfield put on their annual "black face" performance,

"Plantation Frolics," for the benefit of the tennis court fund. This was a success in every day. It is described elsewhere in the Gleaner.

A unique program was given by Mr. Boehne's science club on May 7. It was a dramatic presentation of the values of the metric system, very interesting and instructive. We learned that seventy-nine countries have adopted the metric system and that none of the great nations except the United States and Great Britain have failed to make the change.

On May 21 the High Nine classes were entertained by a two-act play given by Mrs. Brennan's advisory. It showed the girls of the class ten years later when they met in Hawaii. The stage was beautifully decorated with palms and flowers. Between acts the girls sang "May Day is Lei Day in Hawaii," and for the finale "Aloha."

These are by no means the only productions of the semester. Miss Gay's advisory gave a play entitled "The Birthday Cake," in which the whole group took part. Miss Skinner's advisory gave a splendid little play, "The Treason of Benedict Arnold." The advisories of Miss Hamsher and Miss Goode gave a most interesting play, "Mother Goose Drops In." Miss Patton's Low Eighth class gave a play to the Low Eighth and High Seventh sections. The Low Seventh sections, under the direction of Mrs. Hoover, entertained the incoming grades from the elementary schools with a beautiful pageant entitled "The Spirit of Garfield."



SECRETS

I have so many, many friends
To tell my secrets to
Unless some die or go away
I don't know what I'll do.

I tell them, oh so cautiously!
To twenty-three or four
But somehow by that time they
 aren't
Like secrets any more.

There's one I didn't mean to tell
Another soul it's true,
But I am sure you'll understand,
I b'lieve I'll tell just you.

Perhaps I'd better not, it's so
Particular—but—well,
I will if you will promise sure
That you will never tell.

JANE FLOWER, *Low Eighth.*



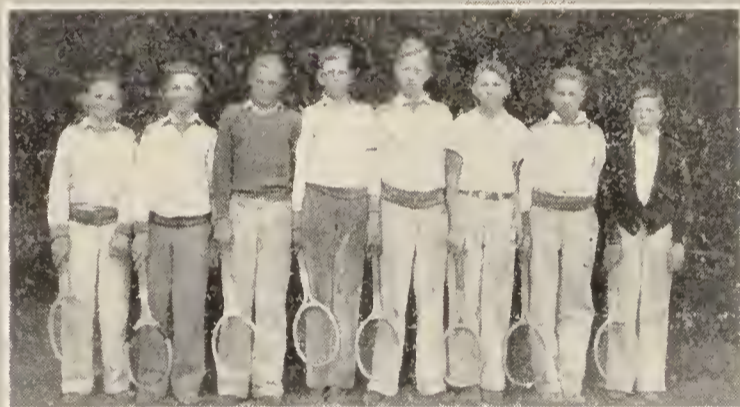
BLOCK "G" SOCIETY
and
ATHLETIC TEAMS



GIRLS' TENNIS



GIRLS' HANDBALL



BOYS' TENNIS



BOYS' HANDBALL



VARSITY BASEBALL



MIDGET BASEBALL



BOYS' ATHLETICS

Garfield's spring sport program opened this year with the junior high basketball season. There were four teams entered by Garfield; unlimited and 115-pound, coached by Mr. Corley, 105-pound and 95-pound coached by Mr. Chastain.

Practice games were held with Richmond, Vallejo, Berkeley High, St. Mary's, and various playground teams. The unlimited team was the best turned out at Garfield for several years. They won the majority of their games by exceptionally close scores. In the league games they lost their first game to Edison but won from Willard and Burbank.

The 115's lost their series to Richmond, but went through the Berkeley league undefeated.

The 105's had a good practice season, but found it rather hard going in the league games. Although defeated, they always exhibited plenty of fight and good sportsmanship.

The 95's entered their first league competition this year and were very successful, winning all of their games but the one with Edison.

Although the Garfield teams took only second place in the league they showed very good fighting spirit and good sportsmanship. The members of all four teams and their coaches are to be congratulated on a successful season.

Following the basketball season, baseball season opened. Garfield has not been as successful during the last few years in baseball as formerly. However, we always enter a team in the league and give our opponents good competition. This year Garfield won most of their practice games but lost all of their league games with Edison and Burbank.

Garfield entered two baseball teams in the American Legion league. One team took second place and some of the members from both teams were chosen to try out for the All-star Legion team that will tour the East. We certainly wish them success.

The best game of the season was played with Edison, their strongest opponent. This game was played at Garfield. For the first six innings Garfield led 6 to 0 and it looked like a victory. The seventh and last inning was played in a downpour of rain and Edison started rallying, making many runs and winning the game.

This year Garfield organized two new sports, tennis and handball. The handball team won the junior high championship. I think that the team and their coach, Mr. Chastain, are to be congratulated on their success in this newly organized sport. The tennis team has been very successful under Mr. Perry and has won the junior high championship.

THE BOYS' FIELD DAY

The boys' field day was very successful this year, as several new records were made. Ten boys received Block "G's" as the result of breaking records in their respective events. All of the track events in four weight classifications were very well handled by our coaches.

Three junior high championships for Garfield in one year—volleyball, tennis, and handball—together with several second places speaks well for a successful athletic season. Mr. Corley and Mr. Chastain, we congratulate you.



GIRL'S 95's



GIRL'S 115's



BOY'S 95's



BOY'S 105's



GIRL'S UNLIMITEDS



GIRL'S 105's



BOY'S UNLIMITEDS



BOY'S 115's

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

This year at Garfield Junior High the girls had four fine basketball teams. The first, the 95-pound team, won two games and lost two, while the 115-pound team won the championship by winning three out of three games. The 105's won two games and lost the other. The unlimited team won one game, lost one, and tied one.

The first game was played at Burbank, the second at Garfield, and the third at Willard. During these games all of the teams showed the best sportsmanship. As a matter of fact all of the teams were of about equal strength, skill, and endurance, and every game was a clean fight for victory.

Garfield has introduced tennis and handball into the inter-school league games. Tennis was played by two doubles and three singles. Hortense Raven, star single, won all of her games.

On May first Garfield played Edison, winning one single. We played Willard on May eighth, winning one single and two doubles. May thirteenth and fifteenth Garfield played Burbank, winning one single.

The girls started out well in handball, winning four out of five games with Willard. The next game was not so good, as Edison won. In the last game also, Garfield dropped to their opponents. This is the first time in the history of the school that the girls have been at the bottom of the league.

Girls' Field Day is to be held May 23. It will combine the track meet with a demonstration of regular school work. The broad-jump, jump-and-reach, baseball and basketball throws were run off during class time, leaving only the dashes and relays for the twenty-third.

The noon leagues this term have been captain-ball and batball for the seventh and low eighth grades, baseball and handball for the ninth and high eighth grades. There is a great deal of competition and much enthusiasm.

THE FIELD MEET

Saturday, April 28, a big field meet was held at the Garfield School in which all the troops in Berkeley participated. Many weeks were spent in preparation for this contest, and as a result it was a very close battle.

Many contests took place, among which were: Fire building, tent pitching, bugling, first aid, flint and steel relay, and many others.

Troop 7 won most of these events for first place. As an award, they received a beautiful bronze shield, mounted on a green oak background. Troop 5 came next for second place, while Troop 28 took third place.

LESLIE BECHAUD.



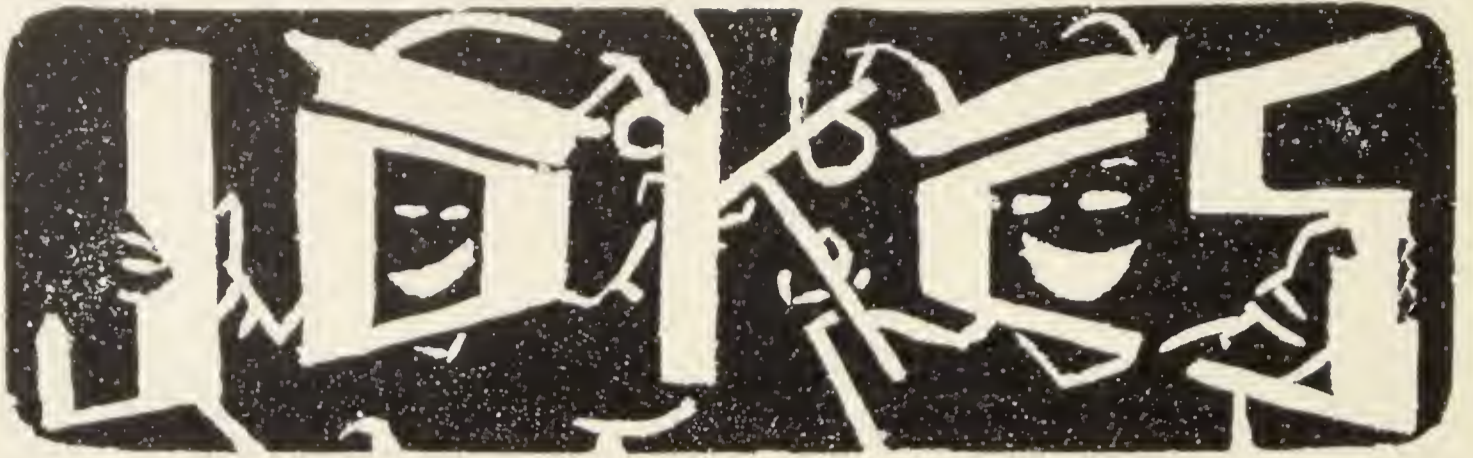
BASEBALL

When the crowd fills up the grandstand,
And the team runs on the field,
You do not need a helping hand,
Your favorite team to shield.

When the umpire says, "All ready,"
And you lift and wave your hat,
It's hard to keep quite steady,
As the first man lifts his bat.

And when the game is over,
And departure has begun,
Why, you find yourself in clover,
For the dear old team has won.

VERNON PECK, *Low Eighth.*



OH YEAH!

(Tune, "We Were Crowded in the Cabin")

'T was a nice day in October,
Last September, in July.
The moon lay thick upon the ground,
The mud was in the sky.
The flowers were sweetly singing,
The birds were full of bloom.
So I went into my basement
To sweep an upstairs room.

I recall that it was morning
In the middle of the night.
I saw ten thousand miles away
A house just out of sight.
Its floor had many windows,
And the front was in the back;
It stood alone with others,
And the fence was whitewashed black.

It was midnight on the ocean.
Not a streetcar was in sight.
The sun was shining brightly,
And it rained all day that night.
In the trees the cows were grazing,
And the rocks were full of sap.
You may put me off at Garfield,
I must take another nap.

Mr. Boehne (in Science Club): Why does a dog wiggle its tail?
Bright Eyes: Because the tail can't wiggle the dog, I guess.

Golfer: Terrible links, Caddy, terrible.

Caddy: Sorry, sir, these ain't the links. You got off them an hour ago.

Q.: What is etiquette?

A.: Saying "No thank you" when you mean "Gimme."

Q.: Why does a dog hold out his tongue when running?

A.: To balance his tail.

Jack: That detective has sharp eyes and ears.

Mack: Yes, I noticed that all of the keyholes were scratched.

HOW TO TIE A BOW TIE ON A TUXEDO COLLAR

Hold the tie in your left hand and the collar in your right. Slip neck through collar. Run the left end over the right with left hand, steadying right end with other hand. Drop both ends catching left end with right and put up loose end with nearest hand. Pull end through loop with unengaged hand. Take firm hold and squeeze. Now, if you can draw your breath without wheezing you have tied the bow successfully and may disentangle your hands.

Customer: Have you anything for gray hair?

Druggist: Nothing but great respect.

Doctor (to his son): Now, young man, what have you to say for yourself?

Son (in for a licking): A local anæsthetic, please.

Joe: Did you clean this fish before you cooked it?

Blow: No, what's the use of washing anything that's lived in water all of its life?

Gitt: That horse knows as much as I do.

App: Well, don't tell anybody. You might want to sell him some day.

Miss Brubaker: When do leaves begin to turn ?

Gregory Stout: The night before exams.

Douglas: How can I make Betty Pugh fall for me?

Bill Whipple: Trip her.

Client: What on earth would I have done without you?

Lawyer: Oh, about five years.

SOMEWHAT ALIKE

The gum-chewing boy and the cud-chewing cow

Are somewhat alike but different somehow.

What difference? Oh, I see it now!

It's the thoughtful look on the face of the cow.

THE HISTORY STUDENT'S PRAYER

Now I lay me down to rest

Before I take tomorrow's test.

If I should die before I wake,

Thank Heaven, I'll have no test to take.

Wise: What does an automobile spring do?

Otherwise: It furnishes water for the radiator.

"I guess I've lost another pupil," said Mr. Perry as his glass eye rolled down the kitchen sink.

Clerk: This algebra book will do half your work for you.

Bill: Great! I'll take two copies.

Carl: My father has George Washington's watch.

Jack: That's nothing; my father has Adam's apple.

Miss Groefsema: My boy, think of the future.

Harvey: I can't. It's my girl's birthday and I must think of the present.

Mrs. Gray: What's a saw horse?

Edward: Past tense of a sea horse.

Dorothy: I made this cake all by myself.

Jay: Yes, I can understand that, but who helped you lift it out of the oven?

Charles: Do you think Bill put enough fire into his speech?
 Al: Rather. The trouble was he didn't put enough of his speech into the fire.
 He: Mr. Zimmerman sings in a haunting manner.
 She: Do you think so?
 He: Yes; there is just the ghost of a resemblance to the original air.
 Little Jane: Oh, mom, Johnny ate all the raisins off the brown sticky paper.

TONGUE TWISTER

Betty Botter bought some butter,
 "But," she said, "this butter's bitter.
 If I put it in my batter
 It will make my batter bitter,
 But a bit of better butter
 Will but make my batter better."
 So she bought a bit of butter
 Better than the bitter butter
 And made her bitter batter better
 So 't was better Betty Botter
 Bought a bit of better butter.

Mr. Chastain: Did you take a shower, Max?
 Max: Why no, is there one missing?
 Mrs. Dyson: Stephen, who built the Ark?
 Stephen McSwain: No—O—Ah—
 Mrs. Dyson: Correct.

Burglar (about to give son a thrashing): Mind you, this is not so much for pinching the jam, but for the careless way you've left your fingerprints about.

A professor of biology addresses his class thus: "And now I propose to show you a very fine specimen of a dissected frog." On opening a nearby parcel he disclosed some sandwiches, a hard-boiled egg, and some fruit. "But surely I ate my lunch," he exclaimed.

Grocer: We have some nice horseradish today, Ma'am.
 Bride (sweetly): Oh, but we have a car.

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16.	17.				18.	
19.				20.		

- | ACROSS | DOWN |
|-------------------------|-----------------|
| 1. For | 1. Not |
| 3. So | 2. By |
| 6. On account of | 4. To |
| 8. Give | 5. Soon |
| 10. Whether | 7. Cloud |
| 12. Have | 10. For |
| 14. Mine (Gen.) | 11. Mine (Gen.) |
| 16. He | 13. Force |
| 18. You | 15. Then |
| 19. I may be | 17. If |
| 20. Circumstance (Acc.) | 18. You (Abl.) |

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Tough: That's nothing. My brother is so strong that he rushed out of the front door and tore up the street.

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HOOT MON!

A Scotchman in a telegraph office was told the price of his message and informed that he could send his name free. He said, "Well, since I'm a full-blooded Indian, I'll sign my name 'I-wont-be-home-till-Friday' and send it to my wife."

Smith: ' I just got a letter from my wife saying she's nervous with me away; all unstrung, you know.

Jones: What are you going to do about it?

Smith: Wire her at once.

Roy: I wish that I had a nickel for every girl I've kissed.

Ray: What would you do with the money? Buy yourself a pack of gum?

Mr. Rushforth: What causes trees to petrify?

Smart Boy: The wind; it makes them rock.

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Leroy: Do you see any change in me?

Dick: No, why?

Leroy: I just swallowed fifteen cents.

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Neighbor: I should say it was. Why, he woke us all up.

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